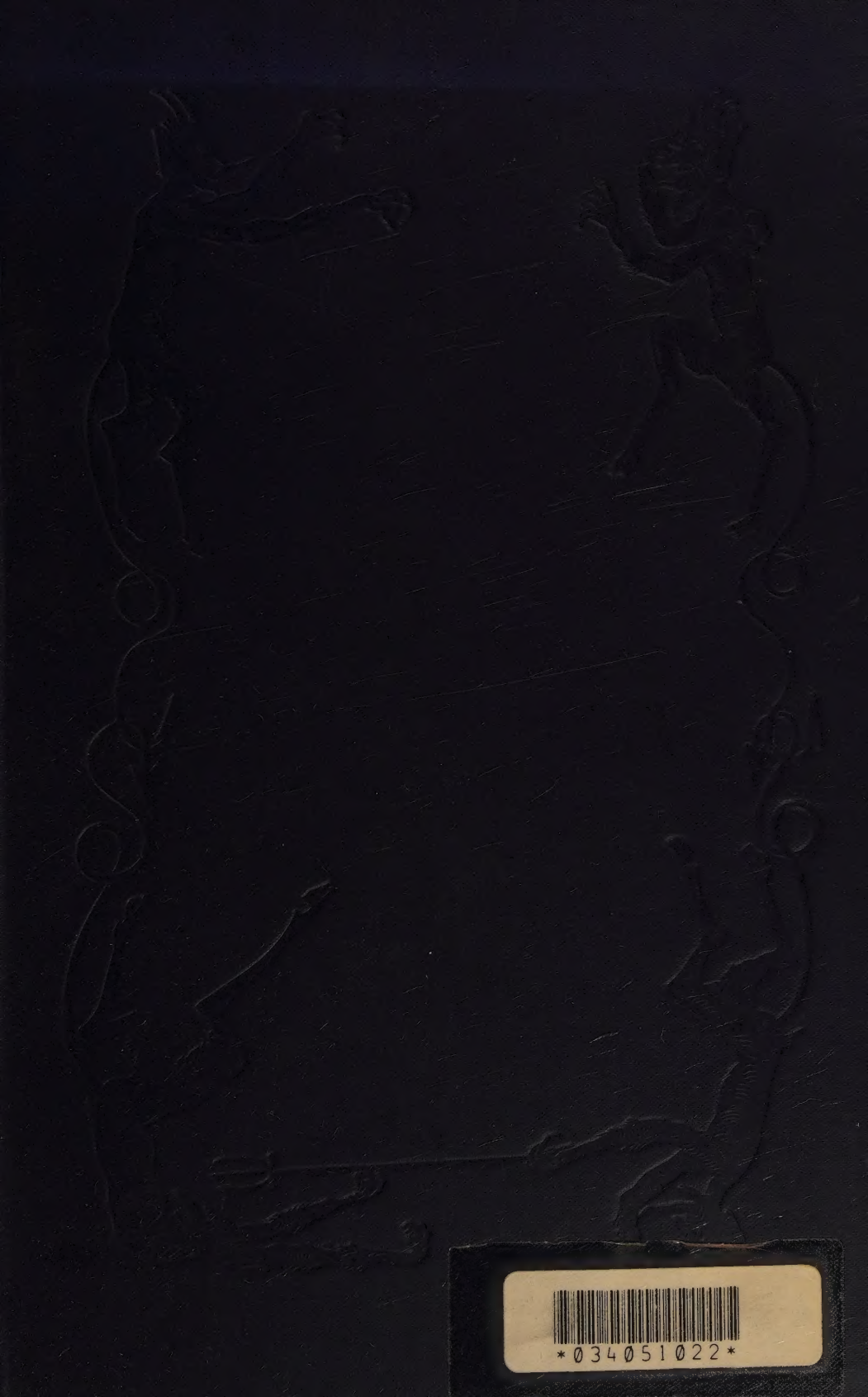
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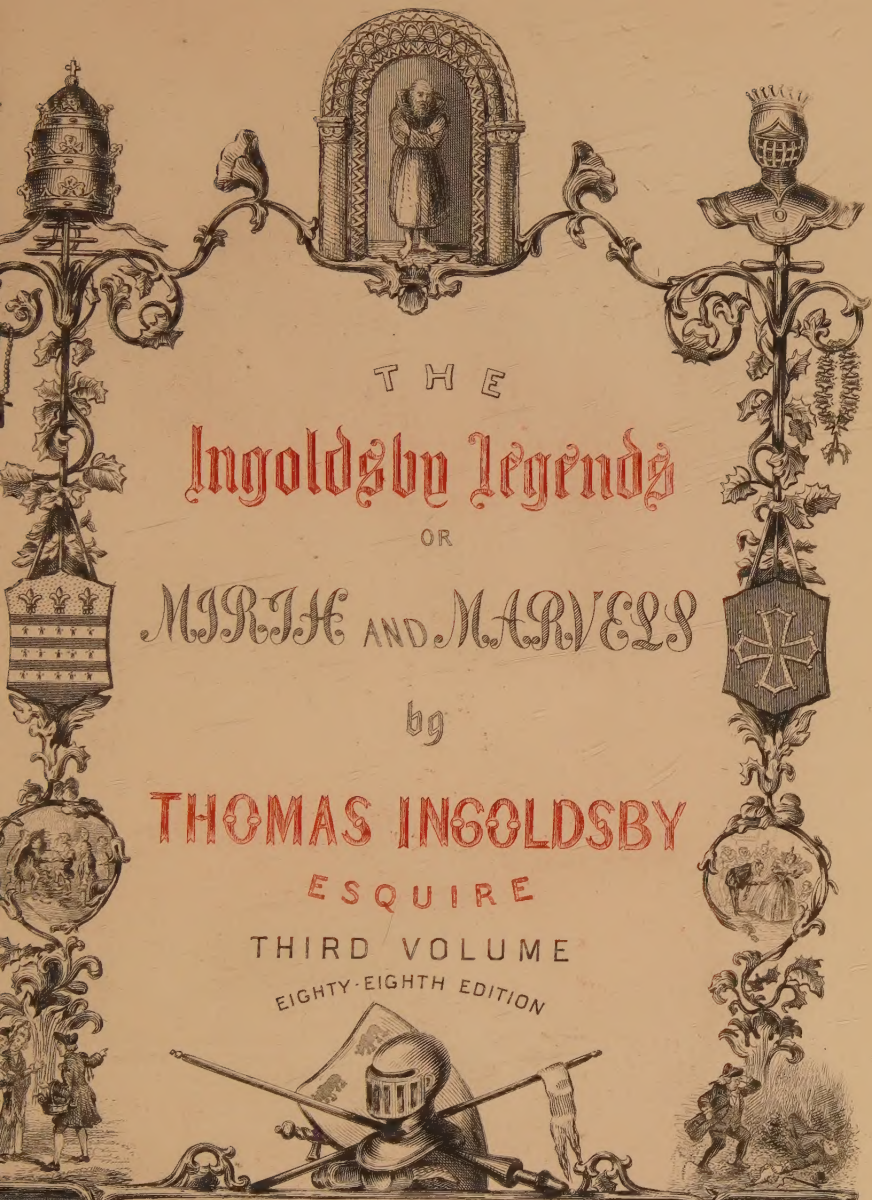

THE

Ingoldsby Legends

OR

MIRTH AND MARVELS

by

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

ESQUIRE

THIRD VOLUME

EIGHTY-EIGHTH EDITION

LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY & SON,
PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

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THE

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

OR

MIRTH AND MARVELS

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

Mrs. EDWARD A. BOND

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1894

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In the succeeding Legend we come nearer home.—Father Ingoldsby is particular in describing its locality, situate some eight miles from the Hall,—less if you take the bridle-road by the churchyard, and go along the valley by Mr. Fector's abbey.—In the enumeration of the various attempts to appropriate the treasure (drawn from a later source) is omitted one, said to have been undertaken by the worthy ecclesiastic himself, who, as Mrs. Botherby insinuates, is reported to have started for Dover, one fine morning, duly furnished with all the means and appliances of exorcism.—I cannot learn, however, that the family was ever enriched by his expedition.

THE LAY OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY

A LEGEND OF DOVER

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,
An 'Old Woman clothed in grey,'
So furrowed with care,
So haggard her air,
In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,
That all who espied her
Immediately shied her,
And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill:
She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,
And, by way of a trial,
A two-shilling phial
Of green-looking fluid, like lava diluted,
To which I've professed an abhorrence most rooted—
One of those draughts they so commonly send us,
Labelled '*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus.*'
She made a wry face,
And, without saying Grace,
Tossed it off like a dram—it improved not her case.
The Leech came again;
He now opened a vein,

Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.
So her 'Medical Man,' although loth to distress her,
Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor
Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilzie, and bless her,
That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes
'Unannealed and Unhouseled,'—whatever that means.[1]

Growing afraid,
He calls to his aid
A bandy-legged neighbour, a '*Tailor by trade*';[2]
Tells him his fears,
Bids him lay by his shears,
His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie
With all possible speed to the Convent hard by;
Requests him to say
That he begs they'll all pray,
Viz.: the whole pious brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,
For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,
Who was just at that time in a very bad way,
And he really believed couldn't last out the day!—

[1] Alack for poor William Linley to settle the point! His elucidation of Macbeth's 'Hurleyburley' casts a halo around his memory. In him the world lost one of its kindliest spirits, and the Garrick Club its acutest commentator. —T. I. [The elucidation alluded to can hardly be attributed to Mr. Linley. On his repeating at the Garrick the line—

'When the hurleyburley's done,'

he was interrupted by Mr. Barham, who remarked that the true reading was evidently that of the second folio—

'When the *early purl* is done,'

and who supported the emendation by a pretended quotation from Steevens. Linley was staggered, and his bewilderment was completed by Sam Beezley, who, in turn, preferred 'the conjecture of Warburton:—

"When the Earl of Burleigh's *done*,"

i.e. cheated or deceived—a political allusion, you see,' *etc.* 'Pooh, Pooh!' added Tom Hill, '"Early Pearl" is the reading,—I have got it so in two of my old copies.']

[2] All who are familiar with the Police Reports, and other records of our Courts of Justice, will recollect that every gentleman of this particular profession invariably thus describes himself, in contradistinction to the Bricklayer, whom he probably presumes to be indigenous, and to the Shoemaker, *born* a Snob.—T. I.

And to state his desire
That some erudite Friar
Would run over at once, and examine, and try her ;
For he thought he would find
There was 'something behind,'
A something that weighed on the Old Woman's mind ;—
'In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,
That this little Old Woman had done something wrong.'
Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,
'Mind and pick out as holy a Friar as you can!'

Now I'd have you to know
That this story of woe,
Which I'm telling you, happened a long time ago ;
I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,
What particular monarch was then on the throne,
But 'twas here in Old England : and all that one knows is,
It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses ;[1]
Inasmuch as the times
Described in these rhymes
Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes ;
And, if 'mongst the Laity
Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betrayed an occasional taint or two,
At once all the Clerics
Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted its Saint or two :
So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,
As since then the breed
Of Saints rarely indeed

[1] 'An ancient and most pugnacious family,' says our Bath Friend. One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq., late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct), was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement.—'Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows!' has grown into a proverb.—T. I.

With their dignified presence have darkened our pew doors.
—Hence the late Mr. Froude[1] and the live Dr. Pusey
We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye ;
Though Wiseman[2] and Dullman[3] combine against Newman
With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.
—But this by the way.—The Convent I speak about
Had Saints in scores :—they said Mass week and week about ;
And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,
'Second to none' in that holy society,
And well might have borne
Those words which are worn
By our '*Nulli Secundus*' Club—poor dear lost muttons
Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons.
They would read, write and speak
Latin, Hebrew and Greek,
A radish-bunch munch for a lunch,—or a leek ;
Though scoffers and boobies
Ascribed certain rubies
That garnished the nose of the good Father Hilary
To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,
—Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery.
Ah ! little recked they
That with Friars, who say
Fifty *Paters* a night and a hundred a day,
A very slight sustenance goes a great way.

[1] The late Reverend Richard Hurrell Froude, brother of the historian, is here referred to. He was an influential member of the Oxford theological party, contributing three numbers to the *Tracts for the Times*. Four volumes of his writings, under the title *Remains*, were published in the years 1833 and 1839. Like Dr. Pusey, he continued faithful to the Church of England.

[2] Created Archbishop of York by the Pope on occasion of his instituting Roman Catholic sees in England—an assumption of power which caused great indignation throughout the country. He was subsequently raised to the Cardinalate.

[3] The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher.—I am not quite sure as to the orthography ;—it's *idem sonans*, at all events.—T. I. [Dolman ?]

Thus the consequence was that his colleague Basilius
Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,
From all who conceived strict monastical duty
By no means conducive to personal beauty:
And, being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,
He was snapt up at once by the bandy-legged Tailor.

The latter's concern
For a speedy return
Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,
Or go round to his shrines and snuff all his Saint's candles;
Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he
Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,—
Which, not being washed all that time, had grown dirty.
—It seems there's a sin in
The wearing clean linen,
Which Friars must eschew at the very beginning,
Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy,
And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.
As for the rest,
E'en if time had not prest,
It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,
Nor could there be any great need for adorning,
The Night being almost at odds with the Morning.

O sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver Moon is high,
And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! Night is lovely then!

But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night!!

More terrible yet,
If you happen to get
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
Has been, what the vulgar call, 'coming it strong'
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile
To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;
But whatever she said,
It filled him with dread,
And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—
No great feat to perform, inasmuch as said hair
Being clipped by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,
So of course Father Basil had little to spare;
But the little he had
Seemed as though't had gone mad,
Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears
In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.
What the old woman said
That so 'filled him with dread,'
We should never have known any more than the dead
If the bandy-legged Tailor, his errand thus sped,
Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,
As he ought; but instead,
Curiosity led,—
A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—
He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!

Not that he heard
One half, or a third,
Of what passed as the Monk and the Patient conferred,
But he here and there managed to pick up a word,
Such as 'Knife,'
And 'Life,'
And he thought she said 'Wife,'
And 'Money,' that source of all evil and strife;[1]
Then he plainly distinguished the words 'Gore' and 'Gash';
Whence he deemed—and I don't think his inference rash—
She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash!

Intermixt with her moans,
And her sighs and her groans,
Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,
Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones;
For somehow it happened—I can't tell you why—
The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,
To judge from the language he used in reply,—
Ere the Old Woman ceased had a good deal gone by;
And he gently addrest her in accents of honey,
'Daughter, don't you despair!—WHAT'S BECOME OF THE MONEY?'

In one just at Death's door it was really absurd
To see how her eye lighted up at that word—
Indeed there's not one in the language that I know
(Save its synonyms 'Spanish,' Blunt,' 'Stumpy,' and 'Rhino'),
Which acts so direct,
And with so much effect
On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect
One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect:—

[1] Effodiuntur Opes Irritamenta Malorum.
LILLY'S *Grammar*.—T. I.

The Witch of Fate.

(The Old Woman clothed in Grey.)

London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1894.

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It's a question with me
Which of the three—
Father Basil himself, though a grave S.T.P.[1]
(Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.),
Or the eavesdropping, bandy-legged Tailor,—or She—
Caught it quickest:—however, traditions agree
That the Old Woman perked up as brisk as a bee.

'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire
It so often emits when about to expire!
Her excitement began the same instant to flag,
She sank back, and whispered, 'Safe!—Safe! in the Bag!!'

Now I would not by any means have you suppose
That the good Father Basil was just one of those
Who entertain views
We're so apt to abuse,
As neither befitting Turks, Christians nor Jews,
Who haunt death-bed scenes,
By underhand means
To toady or tease people out of a legacy.
For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,
Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,
Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,
Her sons to take care
That, let who will be heir,
The Pontiff shall not be choused out of his share,
Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods,
As, they say, was the case with the late Jemmy Wood's;[2]

[1] Sacræ Theologiæ Professor.

[2] Jemmy Wood, 'the miser,' died April 20, 1836. He was a banker of Gloucester, and a man of very recluse habits. His will, by which property to the value of about a million sterling was disposed of, gave rise to prolonged litigation, which was terminated only by appeal to the Privy Council. In 1842 a decision was given by Lord Lyndhurst in favour of Sir Matthew Wood and others, who claimed under different papers of a very informal kind. The expenses of the suit were said to be enormous.

Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short maintain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain.*

Besides, you'll discern
It at once, when you learn
That Basil had something to give in return,
Since it rested with him to say how she should burn;
Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all
To uses he named, he could say, 'You shan't burn at all,
Or nothing to signify,
Not what you'd dignify
So much as even to call it a roast,
But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most,—
What many would think not unpleasantly warm,—
Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form.'
All this in her ear
He declared, but I fear
That her senses were wand'ring—she seemed not to hear,
Or at least understand;—for mere unmeaning talk her
Parched lips babbled now,—such as 'Hookey!'—and 'Walker!'
—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt
If 'his Mother were fully aware he was out?'

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so
I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—
But as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplext
To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—
Or whether in both;—for 'tis very well known
That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own,[1]

[1] In the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* is the following: '*Owaine Myles* is a ballad, giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in *Mat. Paris's Hist. sub ann.* 1152.' A more modern version of the good knight's descent and happy return, after having withstood the terrors of frost and fire, may be found in Lewis's *Tales of Wonder.*

In a 'tight little Island' that stands in a Lake
Called 'Lough-dearg'—that's 'The Red Lake,' unless I
mistake—
In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which
I declare I can't tell,
But I know very well
It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch;
(At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,
But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).
There are some, I'm aware,
Who don't stick to declare
There's 'no differ' at all 'twixt 'this here' and 'that there,'
That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his
entry
For the separate use of the 'finest of pisentry,'
And that his is no more
Than a mere private door
From the *rez-de-chaussée*,—as some call the ground-floor,—
To the one which the Pope had found out long before.

But no matter—lay
The *locale* where you may,
—And where it is no one exactly can say—
There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,
That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.
'Entertainment' there's worse
Both for 'Man and for Horse';
For broiling the souls
They use Lord Mayor's coals;[1]—
Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower
Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower,
It's by no means so strong—
Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong;

[1] See note under 'Aunt Fanny,' vol. ii. p. 214.

The 'prokers' are not half so hot, or so long,
By an inch or two, either in handle or prong;
The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,
And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth;
In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,
Made for what's called by Cockneys a 'Minor The-átre.'
Better suited, of course, for a 'minor performer,'
Than the 'House,' that's so much better lighted and warmer,
Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,
—You understand where
I don't question—down there
Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,
The Paving Commissioners use 'Good Intentions,'
Materials which here would be thought on by few men,
With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen
At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story,—
This same Purga-tory
(There! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory)
Is close locked, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can
Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican;
—Not those of St. Peter
These, of which I now treat, are
A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater,
And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a
Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.
Now it seems that by these
Most miraculous keys
Not only the Pope, but his 'clargy,' with ease
Can let people in and out, just as they please;
And—provided you 'make it all right' about fees,

There is not a friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them
But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them.
And Basil, no doubt,
Had brought matters about,
If the little Old Woman would but have 'spoke out,'
So far as to get for her one of those tickets,
Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets;
So that, after a grill,
Or short turn on the Mill,
And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
Than a Freemason gets in the 'Lodge of Antiquity,'
She'd have rubbed off old scores,
Popped out of doors,
And sheered off at once for a happier port,
Like a white-washed Insolvent that's 'gone through the Court.'

But Basil was one
Who was not to be *done*
By any one, either in earnest or fun.
The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,
In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,
Would shake his bald pate and pronounce it 'No Go.'
So, unless you're a dunce,
You'll see clearly, at once,
When you come to consider the facts of the case, he
Of course never gave her his *Vade in pace;*
And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe
Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,
The little Old Woman had nowhere to go!

For, what could she do?
She very well knew
If she went to the gates I have mentioned to you,

Without Basil's, or some other passport to show,
The Cheque-takers never would let her go through ;
While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,
And really had wished it, as much as she shied it
(For no one who knows what it is can abide it),
Had she knocked at the portal with ne'er so much din,
Though she died in what folks at Rome call 'Mortal sin,'
Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in,
As she'd not been turned formally out of 'the pale.'
So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail,
In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail
Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,
Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail ;
Though, now he's grown older,
They say he's much bolder,
And his Holiness not only gets the 'cold shoulder,'
But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a
Dump—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do?—
What's the course to pursue?—
'Try St. Peter?—the step is a bold one to take ;
For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, "wide awake" ;
But then there's a quaint
Old Proverb says "Faint
Heart ne'er won fair Lady," then how win a Saint?—
I've a great mind to try—
One can but apply :
If things come to the worst, why he can but deny.—
The sky
's rather high
To be sure ; but, now I
That cumbersome carcase of clay have laid by,
I am just in the "order" which some folks—though why
I am sure I can't tell you—would call "Apple-pie."

Then "never say die";
It won't do to be shy,
So I'll tuck up my shroud, and—here goes for a fly!'—
So said and so done:—she was off like a shot,
And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near
That the Saint could see her,
In a moment he frowned, and began to look queer,
And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,
Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,
With 'It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!'—
Then, calling her everything but 'My dear!'
He applied his great toe with some force *au derrière*,
And dismissed her at once with a flea in her ear.

'Alas! poor Ghost!'
It's a doubt which is most
To be pitied—one doomed to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—
Or one bandied about thus from pillar to post,—
To be 'all abroad'—to be 'stumped'—not to know where
To go—so disgraced
As not to be 'placed,'
Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, 'to be Nowhere.'[1]—
However that be,
The *affaire* was *finie*,
And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—
That the 'Hare whom the hounds and the huntsman pursue,'
Having no other sort of asylum in view,
'Returns back again to the place whence she flew,'—
A fact which experience has proved to be true.—

[1] See *Note* appended to the legend.

Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—
Declares that our 'wonted fires live in our ashes.'[1]
These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,
The first to her mansion the last to her bag,
When only conceive her dismay and surprise,
As a Ghost how she opened her cold stony eyes,
When there,—on the spot where she'd hid her 'supplies,'
In an underground cellar of very small size,—
Working hard with a spade,
All at once she surveyed
That confounded old bandy-legged 'Tailor by trade.'

Fancy the tone
Of the half moan, half groan,
Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone!
As she stood there,—a figure 'twixt moonshine and stone,—
Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone,
Although, as Macbeth says, 'they'd no speculation,'
While she uttered that word
Which American Bird
Or John Fenimore Cooper would render 'Tarnation!'
At the noise which she made
Down went the spade!—
And up jumped the bandy-legged 'Tailor by trade'—
Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her
Deposit was somewhere concealed in the cellar.
Turning round at a sound
So extremely profound,
The moment her shadowy form met his view
He gave vent to a sort of lengthened 'Bo-o—ho-o!'—
With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,
Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone!

[1] 'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!'—GRAY.
'A position at which Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even Fancy stares!'—JOHNSON.—T. I.

Erupit! Evasit!
As at Rome they would phrase it—
His flight was so swift the eye scarcely could trace it.
Though elderly, bandy-legged, meagre, and sickly,
I doubt if the Ghost could have vanished more quickly;—
He reached his own shop, and then fell into fits,
And it's said never rightly recovered his wits,
While the chuckling old Hag takes his place and there sits!

I'll venture to say,
She'd sat there to this day,
Brooding over what Cobbett calls 'vile yellow clay,'
Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,
O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,
If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her
Stars had not brought her another guess customer.—
'Twas Basil himself!—
Come to look for her pelf;
But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve and grovel,
And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel;
Full well he knew
Such tools would not do,—
Far other the weapons he brought into play,
Viz. a Wax-taper 'hallowed on Candlemas-day,'
To light to her ducats,—
Holy Water, two buckets
(Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a
Strong triple X 'strike,'—see Jacobus de Chiusa [1]).

[1] Jacobus de Chiusa, or Clusa, a Carthusian monk, in his *Tractatus de apparitionibus animarum post exitum earum a corporibus, etc.*, gives full and very valuable directions for holding intercourse with ghosts, *etc.* 'Examples,' says he, 'teach us that prayers and fasting ought always to precede the interrogation of spirits; that a fast of three days, with a certain number of masses, *etc.*, are highly important.' He recommends that after confession and mass four or five devout priests should be sent for, and that they should go to the place where the spirit is wont to show itself, observing certain cere-

With these, too, he took
His bell and his book—
Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook
As he boldly marched up where she sat in her nook,
Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,
Which *Some* may have read of, perchance, in 'Nell Cook,'[1]
All, in 'Martha the Gipsy' by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,
Of what passed then and there I can tell you no more,
As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door;
But I've always been told,
With respect to the gold,
For which she her 'jewel eternal' had sold,
That the old Harridan,
Who, no doubt, knew her man,
Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan,
By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinned—
Heaven only knows how the 'Agreement' got wind;—
But its purport was this,
That the things done amiss
By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss:
Provided—'*Imprimis*,
The cash from this time is
The Church's—impounded for good pious uses:—
Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,
And act as trustee;—
In the meantime, that She,
The said Ghostess,—or Ghost,—as the matter may be,—
From "impediment," "hindrance," and "let" shall be free

monies. 'They should take,' he says, 'a candle which has been lit on the holy day of Purification, holy water—this is essential—the symbol of the Cross, and a thurible with incense, and as they approach the place recite the seven psalms or St. John's Gospel. The holy stole also,' he adds, 'is of some use.'

[1] See vol. ii. p. 195.

To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,
The said Friar, with said Ghost may hereafter agree.
Moreover—The whole
Of the said cash, or "cole,"
Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul!

'It is further agreed—while said cash is so spending,
Said Ghost shall be fully absolved from attending,
And shall quiet remain
In the grave, her domain,
To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,
Without molestation, or trouble, or pain,
Hindrance, let, or impediment (over again)
From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,
Whether Pow'r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,[1]
Or by what name soever the same may be known,
Howsoe'er called by Poets, or styled by Divines,
Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

'Provided that,—nevertheless,—notwithstanding
All herein contained,—if whoever's a hand in
Dispensing said cash,—or said "cole,"—shall dare venture
To misapply money, note, bill or debenture
To uses not named in this present Indenture,
Then that such sum, or sums, shall revert, and come home again
Back to said Ghost,—who thenceforward shall roam again,
Until such time, or times, as the said Ghost produces
Some good man and true, who no longer refuses
To put sum, or sums, aforesaid, to said uses;
Which duly performed, the said Ghost shall have rest,
The full term of her natural death, of the best,
In full consideration of this, her bequest,
In manner and form aforesaid,—as exprest.—

[1] 'Thrones! Dominations! Princedoms! Virtues! Powers!'—MILTON.

In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,
Being all that these presents intend to express,
Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.

'Signed, sealed, and delivered, this 20th of May,
Anno Domini, blank (though I've mentioned the day),
(Signed)
BASIL.
OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY.'

Basil now, I am told,
Walking off with the gold,
Went and straight got the document duly enrolled,
And left the testatrix to mildew and mould
In her sepulchre, cosy, cool,—not to say cold.
But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—
A runlet of fine
Rich Malvoisie wine
Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,
With custards, and 'flawns,' and a 'fayre florentine,'
Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine;
And some half a score Nuns of the rule Bridgetine,
Abbess and all, were invited to dine
At a very late hour,—that is after Compline.
Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine
With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine;
Through all the next year,
Indeed, 'twould appear
That the Convent was much better off, as to cheer.
Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,
No longer addicted himself to small-beer;
His complexion grew clear,
While in front and in rear
He enlarged so, his shape seemed approaching a sphere.

No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,
That a servant-girl going down stairs with a light
To the cellar we've spoken of, saw with affright
An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite
Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,
With her left hand, a bag she had got in her right ;—
For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse
Had come back to her *scarcely one penny the worse !*

The girl, as they say,
Ran screaming away,
Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey.
But there came down a Knight, at no distant a day,
Sprightly and gay
As the bird on the spray,
One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,
Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our 'Swell' beaux,
Was, what's, by a metaphor, termed 'out at elbows' ;
And, the fact was, said Knight was now merely delayed
From crossing the water to join the Crusade
For converting the Pagans with bill, bow and blade,
By the want of a little pecuniary aid
To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,
And enable his troop to appear on parade.
The unquiet Shade
Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,
Just the man for her money,—she readily paid
For the articles named, and with pleasure conveyed
To his hands every farthing she ever had made.
But alas ! I'm afraid
Most unwisely she laid
Out her cash—the *beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid
(Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)
Converted the gallant converter—betrayed
Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,

—E'en to worship Mahound! She required—He obeyed.—
The consequence was, all the money was wasted
On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted ;
So that, after a very short respite, the Hag
Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on
Seriatim through so many ages bygone,
And to bore you with names
Of the Squires and the Dames,
Who have managed, at times, to get hold of the sack,
But spent the cash so that it always came back ;
The list is too long
To be given in my song,—
There are reasons beside would perhaps make it wrong.
I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,
When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,
And showed herself very se-
vere against heresy,
While many a wretch scorned to flinch, or to scream, as he
Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,
Bishop Bonner the bag got,
And all thought the Hag got
Released, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.
But somehow—though how
I can't tell you, I vow—
I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign
The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told,
That the Old Woman's gold
Was obtained,—as before, for the asking,—'twas had
By a Mr. O—Something—from Ballinafad ;
And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent

To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent,[1]
And thus—like a great deal more money—'it went!'
So 'tis said at Maynooth,
But I can't think it's truth;
Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,
Still I can *not* believe it; and that for this reason,
It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner!*—
Now no part of the Rent to do *so* e'er was known,—or,
In any shape, ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER!—you must know the proverb, I think—
'To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink!'
Which some learned Chap,
In a square College cap,
Perhaps, would translate by the words '*Verbum Sap.!*'
—Now, should it so chance
That you're going to France
In the course of next Spring, as you probably may,
Do pull up, and stay,
Pray,
If but for a day,
At Dover, through which you must pass on your way,
At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,
You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay;
Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,
And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE!—you can do
That on joint or *ragoût*—

[1] The *rent* was originally a general yearly subscription of a penny a month raised throughout Ireland towards a fund calculated to attain the amount of £50,000, for carrying out an agitation for 'Catholic Emancipation,' in the year 1825, and of which Daniel O'Connell had the handling. It was continued, at the rate of about £14,000 a year, as an annuity for his support during the 'Repeal' agitation. He was reproached for levying this tax on the Irish peasantry by his special friend and supporter the Catholic nobleman, Lord Shrewsbury, in the year 1842.

Then say to the waiter,—'I'm just passing through,—
Pray,—where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu?*'—
He'll show you the street—(the French call it a *Rue*,
But you won't have to give here a *petit écu*).

Well,—when you've got there,—never mind how you're
taunted,—
Ask boldly, 'Pray, which is the house here that's haunted?'
—I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect
The proprietor's name; but he's one of that sect
Who call themselves 'Friends' and whom others call
'Quakers,'
You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's.—
Then go down, with a light,
To the cellar at night!
And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright!
But ask the old Hag,
At once, for the bag!—
If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,
Nay, 'Ma'am, I insist!—in the name of St. Basil!'
If she gives it you, seize
It, and—do as you please—
But there is not a person I've asked but agrees,
You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's
ease!
For the rest—if it *must* go back some day—why—let
it!—
Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it
May do you some good, and—
I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!!!

NOTES

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.—With the 'Old Woman clothed in Grey' the author has taken considerable liberties, changing, among other things, the *venue* of her misdeeds, if indeed she committed any, from Cambridgeshire to Kent. The house actually supposed to have been honoured by her presence was the old rectory (pulled down about a quarter of a century ago) of Boxworth. 'It is represented to have been the old lady's custom to stroll about the house at dead of night with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations. No one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question that, when it was taken down and the materials sold, on the erection of the present parsonage-house, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered; and he actually received three battered halfpence in fulfilment of the agreement.'—*Life of Rev. R. H. Barham*, vol. ii. p. 4.

'*Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, "to be Nowhere."*'—P. 15

The name of Crockford, who originally kept a small fishmonger's shop near Temple Bar, and died proprietor of the 'Grand Pandemonium,' as it used to be called, in St. James's Street, is sufficiently notorious. The formation of his club gave occasion for one of the happiest hits of Sydney Smith—the only epigram, I believe, of his extant. The opening of the palace in question proving the subject of conversation at Holland House, the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was scarcely less ruinous than the rage for play among men; upon which Sydney Smith wrote the following impromptu appropriately on a card:—

'Thoughtless that "all that's brightest fades,"
Unmindful of that *Knave of Spades*,
The sexton, and his subs,—
How foolishly we play our parts!
Our wives on *Diamonds* set their *Hearts*,
We set our *Hearts* on *Clubs*.'

Jem Bland—Facetious Jemmy—less generally known, was a remarkable member of the betting-ring. Unable either to read or write, he nevertheless made as good a book as his neighbours. It is said that his bets were entered at the end of the day by his wife, and that, although they were numerous and complicated, he never made a mistake. A curious story is told of his brother, who belonged to the same sporting fraternity. Mr. Joe Bland laid fifty to one, in 'ponies,' against Greenmantle's winning both the Prendergast and Oaks. When asked, after the first event had been decided against him, how he came to make so bad a bet: 'Not so very bad,' he replied; 'the mare might possibly have lost the Prendergast, in which case I should have won; as it is I shall not pay, for I shall never live to see the Oaks run for.' He was right: he died some weeks before the great race.

To whom is the name of Cornelius Agrippa otherwise than familiar, since 'a Magician,' of renown not inferior to his own, has brought him and his terrible 'Black Book' again before the world?—That he was celebrated, among other exploits, for raising the Devil we are all well aware;—how he performed this feat,—at least one, and that, perhaps, the most certain method, by which he did it,—is thus described:—

[The story of 'Cornelius Agrippa's Bloody Book'—

> 'The letters were written with blood within,
> And the leaves were made of dead men's skin'—

showing the fate of the young man who peeped into it (versified from J. Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angells*), is by Robert Southey.]

RAISING THE DEVIL

A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

'AND hast thou nerve enough?' he said,
That grey Old Man, above whose head
Unnumbered years had rolled,—
'And hast thou nerve to view,' he cried,
'The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?—
Art thou indeed so bold?

'Say, canst Thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash Youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath
That, like the Simoom, scatters death
On all that yet *can* die?

'Darest thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind and the storm,
In wild unholy revel?—
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once,—though ruined now,—
Ay,—darest thou face THE DEVIL?'

'I dare!' the desperate Youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,

Unblenched his cheek and firm his limb;
—'No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM!
—THE DEVIL!—I fain would see!

'In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!' the Lad
Rejoined in reckless tone.
'Have then thy wish!' Agrippa said,
And sighed, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenced around;
He traced full many a sigil there;
He muttered many a backward prayer,
That sounded like a curse:—
'He comes!'—he cried, with wild grimace,
'The fellest of Apollyon's race!'—
Then in his startled pupil's face
He dashed—an EMPTY PURSE!!

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC[1]

Veluti in speculum.
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

COUNT RAYMOND rules in Languedoc,
O'er the champaign far and wide,
With town and stronghold many a one,
Washed by the wave of the blue Garonne,
And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,
And away to Narbonne,
And the mouths of the Rhone ;
And his Lyonnois silks and his Narbonne honey,
Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,
Attend Count Raymond's call ;
And Knights and Nobles, of high degree,
From Guiènne, Provence, and Burgundy,
Before Count Raymond bend the knee,
And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Aragon
He weds, the Pride of Spain,—

[1] This is the only legend which is not entirely from the pen of Thomas Ingoldsby. It was revised, and to some extent rewritten by him, but the larger portion was furnished by his son.

You might not find so rich a prize,
A Dame so 'healthy, wealthy and wise';
So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes—
So exactly the Venus de Medicis size—
In all that wide domain.

Then his cellar is stored,
As well as his board,
With the choicest of all *La Belle France* can afford—
Chambertin, Château Margaux, La Rose and Lafitte,
With Moet's Champagne, 'of the Comet year,' 'neat
As imported,'—'fine sparkling,'—and not over sweet;
While his Chaplain, good man, when called in to say grace,
Would groan and put on an elongated face
At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory and plaice;
Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison,
Worthy old soul! on such *very* fat venison;
Sighing to think
Such victuals and drink
Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own;
And grieving o'er scores
Of huge barbecued Boars,
Which he thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors,
Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em
As '*Animal propter convivia natum.*'

He was right, I must say,
For, at this time of day,
When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,
With respect to our food as in time so *passé*,
We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,
After dinner at least, very much in the way
(We spell the word now with an E, not an A);
And as honest *Père Jacques* was inclined to spare diet, he

Gave this advice to all grades of society,
'Think less of pudding—and think more of piety.'

As to his clothes,
Oh! nobody knows
What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets and hose,
Pantoufles, with bows
Each as big as a rose,
And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats, and those
Indescribable garments it is not thought right
To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still, in spite of his power and in spite of his riches,
In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his———which is
The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife,
The Count led a rather humdrum sort of life.
He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking,
Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking
At nursery-maids
As they walked the Parades,
The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades,
And the other gay places, which young ladies use
As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting,
Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting;
Of popping at pheasants,
Quails, woodcocks, and—peasants:
Of smoking, and joking,
And soaking, provoking
Such headaches next day
As his fine St. Peray,
Though the best of all Rhone wines, can never repay;
Till, weary of war, women, roast-goose, and glory,
With no great desire to be 'famous in story,'

All the day long
This was his song,
'Oh dear! what will become of us?
Oh dear! what shall we do?
We shall die of blue devils if some of us
Can't hit on something that's new!'

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,
Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschewed,
With all fermented liquors and high-seasoned food,
Devilled kidneys, and sweetbreads, and ducks and green peas;
Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,
Hashed calf's-head included, no longer could please;
A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,
So was ale, or a glass of Port wine after cheese.
Indeed, anything strong,
As to tipple, was wrong;
She stuck to 'fine Hyson,' 'Bohea,' and 'Souchong,'
And similar imports direct from Hong Kong.
In vain does the family doctor exhort her
To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter;
No!—she alleges
She's taken the pledges!
Determined to aid
In a gen'ral Crusade
Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,
And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,
Eau sucrée, and drinkables mild and home-made;
So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all hers
Solely to found 'The Thoulousian Teetotallers.'
Large sums she employs
In dressing small boys
In long duffle jackets and short corduroys,
And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise;

In short she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful,
Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

Now just at the time when our story commences,
It seems that a case
Past the common took place,
To entail on her ladyship further expenses,
In greeting with honour befitting his station
The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,
Despatched by Pope Urban, who seized this occasion
To aid in diluting that part of the nation;
An excellent man,
One who stuck to his can
Of cold water 'without'—and he'd take such a lot of it—
None of your sips
That just moistens the lips;
At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it:—
No such bad thing
By the way, if they bring
It you iced, as at Verey's, or fresh from the spring,
When the Dog Star compels folks in town to take wing,
Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it,
Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure,
And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure,
Let's go back to Raymond, still bored beyond measure,
And harping away
On the same dismal lay,
'Oh dear! what will become of us?
Oh dear! what can we do?
We shall die of blue devils if some of us
Can't find out something that's new!'

At length, in despair of obtaining his ends
By his own mother wit, he takes courage, and sends,

Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,—
Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,
But only a few of his 'backstairs' advisers.
'Come hither,' says he,
'My gallants so free,
My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree,
And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me!
You three can't but see I'm half dead with *ennui*.
What's to be done?
I *must* have some fun,
And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun,
So find me out "something new under the sun,"
Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one;—
You three
Agree!
Come, what shall it be?
Resolve me—propound in three skips of a flea!'
Rigmarole gave a 'Ha!' Rigmaree gave a 'Hem!'
They looked at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,
As much as to say, 'Have you *nihil ad rem?*'
At length Baron Proser
Responded, 'You know, sir,
That question's some time been a regular poser.
Dear me!—Let me see!—
In the way of a "spree"
Something new?—Eh?—No!—Yes!——*No!*—'tis really no go, sir.'
Says the Count, 'Rigmarole,
You're as jolly a soul,
On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl;
Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll.'
In vain—Rigmarole with a look most profound,
With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground,
Shakes his head as if nothing were there to be found.

'I can only remark,
That as touching a "lark"
I'm, as much as your Highness can be, in the dark;

I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life,
Unless, peradventure, you'd "tea" with your wife!'
Quoth Raymond, 'Enough!
Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!
Rigmarole, you're an ass—you're a regular Muff!
Drink tea with her Ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it!
Call you that fun?—faith I can't see the wit of it.

Mort de ma vie!
My dear Rigmaree,
You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,
If you will but be bright, from the simple degree
Of a knight I'll create you at once a *Mar-quis!*
Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,
If you can't beat that stupid old "Sumph" with his "tea!"'

'That's the thing! that will do!
Ay, marry, that's new!'
Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, 'that will please—
My "*Conjuring cap*"—it's the thing;—it's "the cheese!"
It was only this morning I picked up the news;
Please your Highness, a *Conjuror's* come to Thoulouse;
I'll defy you to name us
A man half so famous
For devildoms,—Sir, it's the great Nostradamus!
Cornelius Agrippa, 'tis said, went to school to him;
Gyngell's an ass and old Faustus a fool to him;
Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee!—pooh! all six
He'd soon put in a pretty particular fix:
Why, he'd beat, at digesting a sword, or "Gun tricks,"
The great Northern Wizard[1] himself all to sticks!
I should like to see you
Try to *sauter le coup*
With this chap at short whist or unlimited loo,
By the Pope you'd soon find it a regular "Do":
Why, he does as he likes with the cards;—when he's got 'em,
There's always an Ace or a King at the bottom.

[1] 'Wizard of the North' was the assumed title of 'Professor' Anderson, a conjuror who enjoyed a run of popularity in London. Charles Matthews made a clever hit by mimicking him in a piece designed for the purpose. 'Professor' Anderson was temporarily tenant of Covent Garden Theatre when, on occasion of a fancy-dress ball being held in it, the building took fire and was burnt.

Then for casting Nativities!—only you look
At the volume he's published,—that wonderful book!
In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is
Like, by long chalks, his "Prophetical Centuries."
Don't you remember how, early last summer, he
Warned the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummery?[1]
Didn't his Majesty call it all flummery,
Scorning
The warning,
And get the next morning
His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery?
Why, he'll tell you before
You're well inside his door,
All your Highness may wish to be up to,—and more!'

'Bravo!—capital!—come, let's disguise ourselves—quick!
—Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick.
We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick;
Let's start off at once—Rigmaree, you're a brick!'

The moon in gentle radiance shone
O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,
O'er holy pile and armèd tower,
And danced upon the blue Garonne.
Through all that silvered city fair,
No sound disturbed the calm, cool air,
Save the lover's sigh alone!
Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose
Proclaimed the depth of his repose,

[1] Nostradamus was a celebrated astrologer of the sixteenth century. He published a volume of metrical rhapsodies under the title of *Prophetical Centuries*, and, after the death of Henry II., from a wound received from the lance of the Count de Montgomeri at a tournament, it was discovered that one of these prophecies could refer to no other event, and that therefore—the inference was obvious—it must have been intended to foretell the calamity in question.

Provoking from connubial toes
A hint—or elbow bone.
It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,
That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,
And her 'oldest inhabitant' buried in lead.

But hark! a sound invades the ear,
Of horses' hoofs, advancing near!
They gain the bridge—they pass—they're here!
Side by side
Two strangers ride,
For the streets of Thoulouse are sufficiently wide,
That is, I'm assured they are—not having tried.
—See, now they stop
Near an odd-looking shop,
And they knock, and they ring, and they won't be denied.
At length the command
Of some unseen hand
Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,
And the thick-ribbed oaken door, old and grey,
In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,
Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,
And they enter the house, that resolute pair,
With a blundering step but a dare-devil air,
And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair;
While, armed with a lamp that just helps you to see
How uncommonly dark a place can be,
The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,
Says, 'Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins!
Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins!
Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—
Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—

Now turn once again, and directly before ye
's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory.'

A word! a blow!
And in they go!
No time to prepare, or to get up a show,
Yet everything there they find quite *comme il faut;*
Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,
Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurors stow
In the rooms they inhabit,—huge bellows to blow
The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow;
From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,
With a tail such as that which, we all of us know,
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow:[1]
Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins
Like those at Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's;
All articles found, you're aware without telling,
In every respectable conjuror's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise,
Without turning his eyes,
Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise,
In the midst sits the Doctor. His hair is white,
And his cheek is wan; but his glance is bright,
And his long black roquelaure, not over tight,
Is marked with strange characters, much, if not quite,
Like those on the bottles of green and blue light
Which you see in a chemist's shop-window at night.

[1] Mr. Waterton, in his *Wanderings in South America*, tells an extraordinary story of his capture, single-handed, of a cayman or alligator. 'The feat,' he says, 'was accomplished by jumping on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me as a bridle! The beast lashed the sand with his long tail, but I was out of reach of the strokes by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unconcerned spectator.'

His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about
Ribs,—and no wonder—such folks never care about
Eating or drinking,
While reading and thinking
Don't fatten :—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage
From some manuscript work of a bygone age,
The seer very composedly turns down the page,
Then, shading his sight
With his hand from the light,
Says, 'Well, Sirs, what would you at this time of night!
What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread,
When all sober folks are at home and abed?'
—'Trav'llers we,
In our degree,
All strange sights we fain would see,
And hither we come in company;
We have far to go and we come from far,
Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre;
We have heard of your name,
And your fame; and our aim,
Great Sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart
From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cock-crow we start—
Your skill;—we would fain crave a touch of your art!'

'Now naye, now naye—no trav'llers ye!
Nobles ye be
Of high degree!
With half an eye that one may easily see.
Count Raymond, your servant!—Yours, Lord Rigmaree!
I must call you so now since you're made a *Mar-quis;*
Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me!
No matter for that!
I see what you'd be at.

Well—pray no delay,
For it's late, and ere day
I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way;
So tell me at once what you want with me—say!
Shall I call up the dead
From their mouldering bed?
Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead?
Shall I summon Old Harry himself to this spot?'
—'Ten thousand thanks, No! we had much rather not;
We really can't say
That we're curious that way;
But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving,
We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living.
Rigmaree, what say you, in
This case, as to viewing
Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing?'
'Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a *sou* in
The matter—but don't let Old Nick and his crew in!'
—'Agreed!—pray proceed then, most sage Nostradamus,
And show us our *wives*—I dare swear they won't shame us!'

A change comes o'er the wizard's face,
And his solemn look by degrees gives place
To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.
'For good or for ill,
I work your will!
Yours be the risk and mine the skill;
Blame not my art if unpleasant the pill!'

He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head,
A square sort of cap, black, and turned up with red,
And desires not a syllable more may be said;
He goes on to mutter,
And stutter, and splutter
Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

'Dies mies!—Hocus pocus—
Adsis Demon! non est jokus!
Hi Cocolorum!—don't provoke us!—
Adesto!
Presto!
Put forth your best toe!'

And many more words to repeat which would choke us.
Such a sniff then of brimstone!—it did not last long,
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near,
So large and so clear,

If you priced such a one in a drawing-room here,
And was asked fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear;
But a mist gathered round at the words of the seer,
Till at length, as the gloom
Was subsiding, a room
On its broad polished surface began to appear,
And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em
The room Lady Isabel called her '*Sanctorum.*'
They start, well they might,
With surprise at the sight;
Methinks I hear some lady say, 'Serve 'em right!'
For on one side the fire
Is seated the Prior,
At the opposite corner a fat little Friar;
By the side of each gentleman, easy and free,
Sits a lady, as close as close well may be,
She might almost as well have been perched on his knee.
Dear me! dear me!
Why, one's Isabel;—she
On the opposite side's *La Marquise Rigmaree!*—
To judge from the spread
On the board, you'd have said
That the *partie quarrée* had like aldermen fed;

And now from long flasks, with necks covered with lead,
They were helping themselves to champagne, white and red,

Hobbing and nobbing,
And nodding and bobbing,
With many a sip
Both from cup and from lip,

And with many a toast followed up by a 'Hip!—
Hip!—hip!—huzzay!'
—The Count, by the way,
Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they say,
Notwithstanding both he
And *Mar-quis Rigmaree*
Are so vexed and excited at what they can *see*,
That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

That word once spoke,
The silence broke,
In an instant the vision is covered with smoke!
But enough has been seen. 'Horse! horse! and away!'
They have, neither, the least inclination to stay
E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—
They rush down the stair,
How, they know not, nor care;
The next moment the Count is astride on his bay,
And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome grey;
They dash through the town,
Now up and now down;
And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride,
As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside.[1]
Through lane, alley and street,
Over all that they meet,
The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet,
My Lord Rigmaree closely pursuing his beat,
With the page in the rear to protect the retreat.
Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep,
Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep,
Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep,—
All the town population that was not asleep.

[1] 'The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.'
Gilpin's Tour in Middlesex and Hants.—T. I.

They at length reach the castle, just outside the town,
Where—in peace it was usual with Knights of renown—
The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down.
They dash by the sentinels—'*France et Thoulouse?*'
Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cocked hats and long *queues*,
Appendages banished from modern reviews)
His arquebus lowered, and bowed to his shoes;
While Count Raymond pushed on to his lady's *boudoir* he
Had made up his mind to make one at her *soirée*.
He rushed to that door,
Where ever before
He had rapped with his knuckles, and 'tirled at the pin,'
Till he heard the soft sound of his Lady's 'Come in!'
But now, with a kick from his iron-heeled boot,
Which, applied to a brick wall, at once had gone through't,
He dashed open the lock;
It gave way at the shock!
—(Dear ladies, don't think, in recording the fact,
That your bard's for one moment defending the act,
No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body
Now could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY!!
Nobody?—No!!
Oh, ho!—Oh, ho!
There was not a table—there was not a chair
Of all that Count Raymond had ever seen there
(They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuffed with horse-hair),
That was out of its place!
There was not a trace
Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate—
No sign of a tablecloth—nothing to prate
Of a supper, *symposium*, or sitting up late;
There was not a spark of fire left in the grate,
It had all been poked out and remained in that state.

If there was not a fire,
Still less was there Friar,
Marquise, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior!
And the Count, who rushed in open-mouthed, was struck dumb,
And could only ejaculate, 'Well!—this *is* rum!'
He rang for the maids—had them into the room
With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom.
He examined them all very strictly—but no!
Notwithstanding he cross- and re-questioned them so,
'Twas in vain—it was clearly a case of 'No Go!'
'Their Lady,' they said,
'Had gone early to bed,
Having rather complained of a cold in her head;
The stout little Friar, as round as an apple,
Had passed the whole night in a vigil in chapel;
While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,
Had rung in the morning, at half after one,
For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,
And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.
But,' the servants averred,
'From the sounds that were heard
To proceed now and then from the Father's *sacellum*,
They thought he was purging
His sins with a scourging,
And making good use of his knotted *flagellum*.'
For Madame Rigmaree,
They all testified, she
Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea,
And they really supposed that there still she must be;
Which her spouse, the *Mar-quis*,
Found at once to agree
With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond! he could not conceive
How the case really stood, or know *what* to believe;
Nor could Rigmaree settle to laugh or to grieve.
There was clearly a hoax,
But which of the folks
Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes,
Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes.
That glass of the wizard's
Stuck much in their gizzards,
His cap, and his queer cloak all X's and Izzards;
Then they found, when they came to examine again,
Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,
Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.
However, since nothing could make the truth known,
Why,—they thought it was best to let matters alone.
The Count in the garden
Begged Isabel's pardon
Next morning for waking her up in a fright,
By the racket he'd kicked up at that time of night;
And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,
Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.
Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,
The Friar was packed back to his convent at Arles;
While, as for the Prior,
At Raymond's desire,
The Pope raised his rev'rence a step or two higher,
And made him a bishop *in partibus*—where
His see was I cannot exactly declare,
Or describe his cathedral, not having been there;
But I daresay you'll all be prepared for the news,
When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse,
Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,
Was enjoined, as a *sine quâ non*, to be resident.
You will fancy with me,
That Count Raymond was free,

For the rest of his life, from his former *ennui;*
Still it somehow occurred that, as often as he
Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmarec,
There was something or other—a trifling degree
Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,
And which seemed to be shared by the noble *Mar-quis*,
While the ladies—the queerest of all things by half in
My tale—never met from that hour without laughing!

MORAL

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of Hymen,
Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men;
Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men!
Don't go out o' nights
To see conjuring sleights,
But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is;
Be wise!—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

If you *chance* to be out
At a 'regular bout,'
And get too much of 'Abbot's Pale Ale' or 'Brown Stout,'
Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse,
Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house!

Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,
To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns!
And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,
A sleek, meek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water!

THE main incident recorded in the following *excerpta* from our family papers has but too solid a foundation. The portrait of Roger Ingoldsby is not among those in the Gallery, but I have some recollection of having seen, when a boy, a picture answering the description here given of him, much injured, and lying without a frame in one of the attics.

THE WEDDING-DAY

OR

THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE

A FAMILY LEGEND

IT has a jocund sound,
That gleeful marriage chime,
As from the old and ivied tower
It peals, at the early matin hour,
Its merry, merry round;
And the Spring is in its prime,
And the song-bird, on the spray,
Trills from his throat, in varied note,
An emulative lay—
It has a joyous sound!!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book,
And the Clerk with his grave, *quasi*-sanctified look;
And there stand the village maids all with their posies,
Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,
Dight in white,
A comely sight,
Fringing the path to the left and the right;
—From our nursery days we all of us know
Ne'er doth 'Our Ladye's garden grow'

So fair for a 'Grand Horticultural Show'
As when bordered with 'pretty maids all on a row.
And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule
Of that 'Limbo of infants,' the National School,
Whooping and bawling,
And squalling, and calling,
And crawling, and creeping,
And jumping, and leaping,
Bo-peeping 'midst 'many a mouldering heap,' in
Whose bosom their own 'rude forefathers' are sleeping;
—Young rascals!—instead of lamenting and weeping,
Laughing and gay,
A gorge deployée—
Only now and then pausing—and checking their play,
To 'wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay.'
Ah, well a-day!
Little deem they,
Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,
Are anything else
Than mere parish bells,
Or that each of them, should we go into its history,
Is but a 'Symbol' of some deeper mystery;—
That the clappers and ropes
Are mere practical tropes
Of 'trumpets' and 'tongues,' and of 'preachers' and popes;
Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err,
See the '*Rationale*' of that goosey-gander.[1]

Gently! gently, Miss Muse!
Mind your P's and your Q's!

[1] Durand, in the chapter *de campanis* of his *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*, attaches a mysterious symbolism to every part, quality, and function of the bell. Everything—the most minute—from the top of the tower (literally) to the end of the rope is, to the initiated eye, pregnant with meaning. For example, the hardness of the metal indicates the fortitude of the preacher, the bell his mouth, the clapper his tongue; so that a bell without a clapper is symbolic of a preacher lacking eloquence, *etc.*

Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!
Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism,
Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,
And as, on the whole,
You're a good-natured soul,
You must never enact such a pitiful *rôle*.
No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys
In the churchyard, who 're making this hubbub and noise:—
But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming,
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see;—the avenue gates unfold,
And forth they pace, that bridal train,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
They cross the green and grassy lane,
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,
Two by two, and side by side,
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,
And cousins, a great many times removed.
A fairer or a gentler she,
A lovelier maid, in her degree,
Man's eye might never hope to see,
Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,
The flow'r of that goodly company;
While whispering low, with bated voice,
Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,
Walks Fredville's hope, young Valentine Boys.
—But where, oh, where,
Is Ingoldsby's heir?
Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh, where?
Why he's here,—and he's there,
And he's everywhere;—
He's there, and he's here,
In the front—in the rear,—
Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—

The Puck of the party, the darling 'pet' boy,
Full of mischief, and fun, and good-humour and joy;
With his laughing blue eye and his cheek like a rose,
And his long curly locks and his little snub nose;
In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes!
Now pinching the bridesmen,—now teasing his sister,
And telling the bridesmaids how 'Valentine kissed her';
The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,
See, he's into the churchyard!—he's over the wall—
Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,
He's the first in the church, be the second who may!

. . . . . .

'Tis o'er;—the holy rite is done,
The rite that 'incorporates two in one,'
—And now for the feasting, and frolic, and fun!
Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,
The shaking of hands, the embracing and crying,
The 'toot—toot—toot'
Of the tabour and flute,
Of the white-wigged Vicar's prolonged salute,
Or of how the blithe 'College *Youths*,'—rather old stagers,
Accustomed, for years, to pull bell-ropes for wagers—
Rang, faster than ever, their 'triple-bob-MAJORS';
(So loud as to charm ye,
At once and alarm ye;
—'*Symbolic*,' of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues
To the 'little old woman that opened the pews,'
Of the largesse bestowed on the Sexton and Clerk,
Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park,
Of the laughing and joking,
The quaffing and smoking,
And chaffing, and broaching—that is to say, poking

A hole in a mighty magnificent tub
Of what men, in our hemisphere, term 'Humming-Bub,'
But which gods,—who, it seems, use a different lingo
From mortals,—are wont to denominate 'Stingo.'

Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning;
The cheese! the reward of the ugly one winning;—
Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen,—
The soapy-tailed sow,—a rich prize when you've caught her,—
Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water;
The smacks and the whacks,
And the jumpers in sacks,
These down on their noses and those on their backs;
Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties,
Sung rarely in hamlets now—never in cities,
The '*King and the Miller*,' the '*Bold Robin Hood*,'
'*Chevy Chase*,' '*Gilderoy*,' and the '*Babes in the Wood!*'
You'll say that my taste
Is sadly misplaced,
But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,
The '*Auld Robin Grays*,' and the '*Aileen Aroons*,'
The '*Gramachree Mollys*,' and '*Sweet Bonnie Doons*,'
Are dearer to me,
In a tenfold degree,
Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea;
And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are
As 'best-refined loaf' to the coarsest 'brown sugar';[1]
—Alack, for the Bard's want of science! to which he owes
All this misliking of foreign *capricios!*
Not that he'd say
One word, by the way,

[1] *Ad Amicum, Servientem ad legem—*

This rhyme, if, when scanned by your critical ear, it
Is not *quite* legitimate, comes pretty near it.—T. I.

To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez ;[1]
But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-guinea
Each Saturday night when, devoured by chagrin, he
Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini.*

But enough of the rustics—let's leave them pursuing
Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in
The inside the hall, and see what *they* are doing.
And first there's the Squire,
The hale, hearty sire
Of the bride,—with his coat-tails subducted and higher,
A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire ;
His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire ;
—Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue
Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue ;
And bright the shalloon of his little quilled *queue ;*
—White, white, as 'Young England's,'[2] the dimity vest
Which descends like an *avalanche* o'er his broad breast,
Till its further progression is put in arrest
By the portly projection that springs from his chest,
Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest ;
—White, white are his locks,—which, had Nature fair play,
Had appeared a clear brown slightly sprinkled with grey,
But they're white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day,
Or Ben Nevis, his pate is *si bien poudré !*
Bright, bright are the boots that envelop his heels ;
—Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals ;
And still brighter yet may the gazer descry
The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye

[1] A popular composer, and conductor of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre.

[2] The term 'Young England' was applied to a group of young political men of talent and their followers, who posed also as social regenerators, among the most distinguished of whom were Mr. Disraeli, Lord John Manners, now Duke of Rutland, Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, afterwards Lord Lamington, and others who made their mark in public life. An interesting account of the party is given in the recent work *Among the Dandies*, by Lord Lamington.

As it lights on the bride—
His beloved one—the pride
And delight of his heart,—severed now from his side;—
But brighter than all,
Arresting its fall,
Is the smile that rebukes it for spangling at all,
—A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as
Blind Homer, for instance, *ἐν δάκρυσι γέλας*.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom withdrawn
To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn,
Ensconced on a squab of maroon-coloured leather,
And talking—and *thinking*, no doubt—of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room! room for the guests![1]
In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles and vests,
—First, Sir Charles Grandison
Baronet, and his son,
Charles,—the mamma does not venture to 'show'—
Miss Byron, you know,
She was called long ago;
For that lady, 'twas *said*, had been playing the d—l,
Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,
Which very much shocked, and chagrined, as may well be
Supposed, 'Doctor Bartlett,' and 'Good Uncle Selby.'
Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his gruel, in
Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,

[1] The histories of most of the guests will be found recorded in the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Of Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins and 'Uncle Ben,' sad to say, no authentic memoir is in existence. Their names survive only in the memory of those who can recall the sketches presented in the *Trip to America* of the elder Mathews. As for 'The Boy Jones,' he was a harmless enthusiast, who, without any discoverable motives, three times gained access to Buckingham Palace, and on the first occasion remained there several days, till Mrs. Lilley, the nurse of the Princess Royal, discovered him under a sofa. After the third offence he was sent to sea in one of her Majesty's ships.

Nor try for, deterred by the serious expense, a
Complete separation, *a thoro et mensâ*,
So he 'kept a calm sough,' and, when asked to a party,
A dance, or a dinner, or tea and *écarté*,
He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,
He'd 'left her at home, as she found herself poorly.'
Two Foreigners near,
'Of distinction,' appear;
A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,—
Count Ferdinand Fathom,—Count Thaddeus of Warsaw,
All covered with glitt'ring *bijouterie* and hair—Poles,
Whom Lord Dudley Stuart[1] calls 'Patriot,'—Hook 'Bare Poles';
Such rings and such brooches, such studs and such pins!
'Twere hard to say which
Were more gorgeous and rich,
Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins!
Next Sir Roger de Coverley,—Mr. Will Ramble,
With Dame Lismahago (*née* Tabitha Bramble),—
Mr. Random and Spouse,—Mrs. Pamela Booby
(Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,
And 'people *did say*'—but no matter for that,—
Folks were not then enlightened by good Father Mat.[2])—
Three friends from 'the Colonies' near them were seen,
The great Massachusetts man, General Muff Green,—
Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins,—men
'Influential *some*,'—and their 'smart' Uncle Ben;—
Rev. Abraham Adams (preferred to a stall),—
Mr. Jones and his Lady, from Allworthy Hall;

[1] A son of the first Marquis of Bute: an enthusiastic but somewhat Quixotic supporter of the cause of Poland. He was instrumental in obtaining a parliamentary grant of £10,000 for relief of Polish exiles.

[2] The Rev. Theobald Mathew, known as 'Father Mathew,' and 'The Apostle of Temperance.' He carried out his temperance mission with remarkable success in Ireland particularly, in the year 1838, as well as in England and America.

Our friend Tom, by the way,
Had turned out rather gay
For a married man—certainly 'people *did say*'
He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,
And being as sly as his half-brother Blifil.—
(Miss Seagrim, 'tis well known, was now in high feather,
And 'people *did say*' they'd been seen out together,—
A fact, the 'Boy Jones,' who, in our days, with malice
Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,
Would seem to confirm, as, 'tis whispered he owns, he's
The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)
Lady Bellaston (*mem.* she had not been invited!),
Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted,—
All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted!
—It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,
Or enumerate, half of the elegant tribe
Who filled the background,
And among whom were found
The *élite* of the old county families round,
Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull and Norton,
Matthew Robinson,[1] too, with his beard, from Monk's Horton,
The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses,
And Fairfax (who then called the castle of Leeds his);
Esquires, Knights and Lords,
In bag-wigs and swords;
And the troops, and the groups
Of fine ladies in hoops;
The *pompons*, the *toupées*, and the diamonds and feathers;
The flowered-silk *sacques*
Which they wore on their backs,—

[1] A worthy and eccentric country gentleman, afterwards the second Lord Rokeby, being cousin ('a great many times removed') and successor in the barony to Richard, Archbishop of Armagh, who first bore that title.—His beard was truly patriarchal.—Mr. Muntz's—pooh!—T. I.

How?—*sacques* and *pompons*, with the Squire's boots and leathers?—
Stay! stay!—I suspect,
Here's a trifling neglect
On your part, Madame Muse—though you're commonly accurate,
As to costume, as brown Quaker, or black Curate;
For once, I confess,
Here you're out, as to dress;—
You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress,
For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing,
Sir Roger de Coverley's laced suit to bring
Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng,[1]
And poor dear Sir Francis appeared in, last spring;—
So, having for once been compelled to acknowledge, I
Have made a small hole in our mutual chronology,
Canter on, Miss, without farther apology,—
Only don't make
Such another mistake,
Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake;—
Enough!—you are sorry for what you have done,
So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on!

Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,
And how every person is dressed—we won't say;
Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay
To our dear 'bonnie Maud' on her own wedding-day,
To dance at her bridal, and help 'throw the stocking,'
—A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

[1] George Byng, Esq., member for Middlesex since 1790, and Sir Francis Burdett, both conspicuous by their adherence to the traditional costume of the old English gentleman—blue coat with gilt buttons, breeches, and top-boots. The appearance of the former was closely copied by Mr. Warde the actor, as Sir Osbaldeston de Mowbray, a character in some forgotten comedy.

There's a breakfast, they know—
There always is so
On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.
Of course there are 'lots' of beef, potted and hung,
Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,
Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,
Cold pigeon-pie (rook?), and cold boiled and cold roast,
Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder ices,—
Blancmange, which young ladies say so very nice is,—
Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—
Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
Refined barley-sugar in various devices,
Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes,—
And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
In short, all those gimcracks together were met
Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
When they give a *grand dejeuner à la fourchette*—
(A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
Implying a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)
And see! what a mountainous bridecake!—a thing
By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring!

Now as to the wines!—'Ay, the wine!' cries the Squire,
Letting fall both his coat-tails,—which nearly take fire.
Rubbing his hands,
He calls out, as he stands,
To the serving-men waiting 'his Honour's' commands,
'The wine!—to be sure—here, you Harry—Bob—Dick—
The wine, don't you hear?—bring us lights—come, be quick!—
And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick.

Say what they may,
'Fore George, we'll make way
Into old Roger Ingoldsby's cellar to-day;
And let loose his captives, imprisoned so long,
His flasks, and his casks, that he bricked up so strong!'—
'Oh dear! oh dear! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what you do!'
Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,[1]—she is in *such* a stew!—
'Oh dear! oh dear! what do I hear?—full oft you've heard me tell
Of the curse "Wild Roger" left upon whoe'er should break his cell!

'Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went away,
As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day!
And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,
Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball and play;
Your locks were nut-brown then, Squire—you grow a little grey!—

'"Wild Roger," so we called him then, your grandsire's youngest son,
He was in truth
A wayward youth,
We feared him, every one.
In ev'rything he had his will, he would be stayed by none,
And when he did a naughty thing, he laughed and called it fun!
One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he'd done,

[1] Great-grandmamma, by the father's side, to the excellent lady of the same name who yet 'keeps the keys' at Tappington.—T. I.

But he scorned reproof,
And from this roof
Away that night he run!

'Seven years were gone and over—"Wild Roger" came again,
He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main;
And he had store of gold galore, and silks and satins fine,
And flasks and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon wine!
Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western wave,
And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave
Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his grave!

'Your Father was a kindly man—he played a brother's part;
He pressed his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart;
Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to share,
But Roger was the same man still,—he scorned his brother's pray'r!
He called his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign shores
Got killed in some outlandish place—they call it the Eyesores.[1]
But ere he went,
And quitted Kent,
—I well recall the day,—
His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely "stowed away";

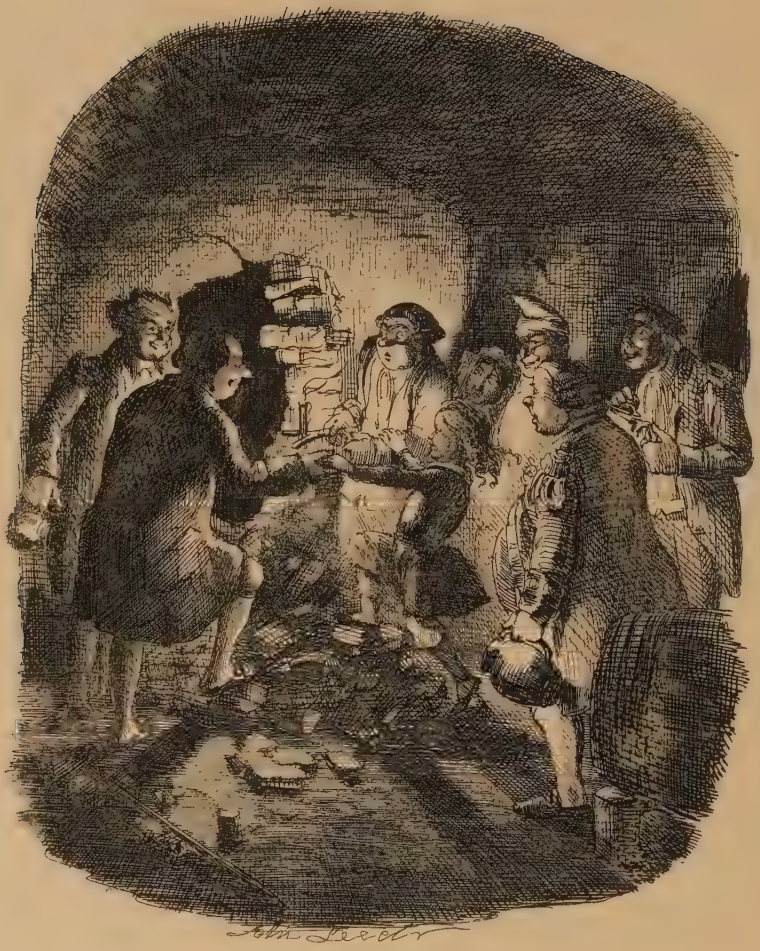
[1] Azores?—Mrs. Botherby's orthography, like that of her distinguished contemporary Baron Duberly, was 'a little loose.'

Within the cellar's deepest nook, he safely stowed them all,
And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built up the wall.

'Oh! then it was a fearful thing to hear "Wild Roger's" ban!
Good gracious me! I never heard the like from mortal man.
"Here's that," quoth he, "shall serve me well, when I return at last,
A battered hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past;
Accurst be he, whoe'er he be, lays hand on gear of mine,
Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine!"
And more he said, which filled with dread all those who listened there;
In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair
With very fear, to stand and hear "Wild Roger" curse and swear!!
He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his game,
He called me "Mother Bounce-about," my Gracious, what a name!
Nay, more, "an old"—some "boat-woman,"—I may not say for shame!—
Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I tell,
Nor break, on such a day as this, "Wild Roger's" secret cell!'

'Pooh! pooh!' quoth the Squire,
As he moved from the fire,
And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire,

'Pooh!—never tell me!
Nonsense—fiddle-de-dee!
What!—wait Uncle Roger's return back from sea?—
Why, he may, as you say,
Have been somewhat too gay,
And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way;
But what's that to us, now, at this time of day?—
What, if some quarrel
With Dering or Darrell—
I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—
Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,
Or what his unfriends chose to call Buccaneering?
It's twenty years since, as we very well know,
He was knocked on the head in a skirmish, and so
Why rake up "auld warld" tales of deeds long ago?—
Foul befall him who would touch the deposit
Of living man, whether in cellar or closet!
But since, as I've said,
Knocked on the head,
Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead,
As for his wine,
I'm his heir, and it's mine!
And I'd long ago worked it well, but that I tarried
For this very day—
And I'm sure you'll all say
I was right—when my own darling Maud should get married.
So lights and a crowbar!—The only thing lies
On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize
Is some little compunction anent the Excise.—
Come—you, Master Jack,
Be the first, and bring back
Whate'er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack—
Head the party, and mind that you're back in a crack!'



Jack Ingoldsby entering the cellar

(The Wedding Day)

London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1894

Away go the clan,
With cup and with can,
Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van.
Little reck they of the Buccaneer's ban ;
Hope whispers, 'Perchance we'll fall in with strong beer too here!'
Blest thought! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear!

Through cellar one, through cellar two,
Through cellar three they passed!
And their way they took
To the farthest nook
Of cellar four—the last!
Blithe and gay, they batter away,
On this wedding-day of Maud's,
With all their might, to bring to light
'Wild Roger's' 'Custom-house frauds!'

And though stone and brick
Be never so thick,
When stoutly assailed, they are no bar
To the powerful charm
Of a Yeoman's arm
When wielding a decentish crowbar!
Down comes brick and down comes stone,
One by one—
The job's half done!—
'Where is he?—now come—where's Master John?'
There's a breach in the wall three feet by two,
And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through!

Hark!—what sound's that?—a sob?—a sigh?—
The choking gasp of a stifled cry?—
'What can it be?—
Let's see!—let's see!
It *can't* be little Jack Ingoldsby?
The candle—quick!'—
Through stone and through brick,
They poke in the light on a long split stick;
But, ere he who holds it can wave it about,
He gasps and he sneezes—the LIGHT GOES OUT.

Yet were there those, in after days,
Who said that pale light's flickering blaze
For a moment gleamed on a dark Form there,
Seemed as bodied of foul black air!—
In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced
By buckle and broad black belt to its waist,—
On a cocked-hat laced
With gold, and placed
With a *dégagé*, devil-may-care, kind of taste,
O'er a *balafré* brow by a scar defaced!—

BOZEMAN
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Richard Bentley & Son 1894

That Form, they said, so foul and so black
Grinned as it pointed at poor little Jack.

I know not, I, how the truth may be,
But the pent-up vapour, at length let free,
Set them all sneezing,
And coughing and wheezing,

As, working its way
To the regions of day,
It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in!

Of their senses bereft,
To the right and the left,
Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,
There they lay kicking and sprawling about,
Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,
Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,
Mr. Taylor, of Lombard Street, sells at half-price!
Nearer the door, some half dozen or more
Scramble away
To the *rez de chaussée*
(As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor),
And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar
For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more.
At length, after no little clamour and din,
The foul air let out and the fresh air let in,
They drag one and all
Up into the hall,
Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom,
Who's one of the party, 'bleeds, physics, and sweats 'em.'[1]
All?—all—save One—
—'But He!—my Son?—
Merciful Heaven!—where—WHERE IS JOHN?'

. . . . . .

Within that cell, so dark and deep,
Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,
A sight to make the sternest weep!—

[1] The epigram on the signature of the celebrated Doctor, I. Lettsom, runs thus—

'When patients sad to me apply,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I. Lettsom.'

That little heart is pulseless now,
And cold that fair and open brow,
And closed that eye that beamed with joy
And hope—'Oh, God! my Boy!—my Boy!'

Enough!—I may not,—dare not,—show
The wretched Father's frantic woe,
The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!
I may not such a theme essay:—
Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
My pen—sad memory will have way![1]
Enough!—at once I close the lay,
Of Fair Maud's fatal wedding-day!

It has a mournful sound,
That single, solemn Bell,
As to the hills and woods around
It flings its deep-toned knell!
That measured toll!—alone—apart,
It strikes upon the human heart!
—It has a mournful sound!—

MORAL

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way,
Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day.
Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay!
And let us part cheerful, at least, if not gay!

First and foremost, then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song,
Not to lock up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

[1] Here, and in many passages of the 'Legends,' and other poems, especially in his last lines, 'As I laye a-thynkynge,' allusion is made by the author to a grief occasioned by the loss of his youngest son, of which he never got the better to the day of his death.

Though Port should have age,
Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue;
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubbed younger brother,
When told of his faults by his father and mother,
Runs restive and goes off to sea in a huff,
Depend on't, my friends, that young man is a Muff!

Next—ill-gotten gains
Are not worth the pains!—
They prosper with no one!—so, whether cheroots,
Or Havana cigars,—or French gloves, or French boots—
Whatever you want, pay the duty!—nor when you
Buy any such articles cheat the revenue!

And 'now to conclude,'—
For it's high time I should,—
When you *do* rejoice, mind, whatsoever you do,
That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too!
Don't grudge them their jigs,
And their frolics and 'rigs,'
And don't interfere with their soapy-tailed pigs;
Nor, 'because thou art virtuous,' rail, and exhale
An *anathema*, breathing of vengeance and wail,
Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kail!
Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,
With 'Drink *there!*—we'll have henceforth no more cakes and ale!'

The Saxon Saint, Romwold, who forms the subject of the following 'Lay,' must not be confounded with his Gallican brother St. Romwald. The former was the son of a King of the Northumbrians, his mother being the daughter of Penda, King of the Mercians. Like so many youthful prodigies, he died young.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING

'Mox Regina filium peperit a multis optatum et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit "*Christianus sum! Christianus sum! Christianus sum!*" Ad hanc vocem Presbyteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gratias*, et omnes qui aderant mirantes, ceperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans cathecumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo teneri ad presignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari.'—*Nov. Legend. Angl., in Vita Scti. Romwoldi.*

IN Kent, we are told,
There was seated of old,
A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold;
He'd an oaken strong-box well replenished with gold,
With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland and wold,
Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold;
He'd a Pleasaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,
He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,
And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.
His figure and face,
For beauty and grace,
To the best in the country had scorned to give place:
Small marvel then,
If, of women and men
Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten
Expressed themselves charmed with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth,
I've been taught, as a truth,
A maxim which most will consider as sooth,
Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth;
There are three social duties the whole of the swarm
In this great human hive of ours ought to perform,
And that too as soon as conveniently may be;
The first of the three—
Is, the planting a Tree!
The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby!
(For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I
So far, at least, have accomplished my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i.e.*
The 'planting the Tree,'
The Knight may, perchance, have conceived himself free,
Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks,
Over park, mead or upland, by streamlets and brooks,
His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks.
In twelve eighty-two,
There would also accrue
Much latitude as to the article, Books;
But, if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,
Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,
One remained, there was no getting over at all
—The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall;
Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,
As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see
Inclination and duty unite and agree,
Because it's a case
That so rarely takes place:
In the instance before us then Alured Denne
Might well be esteemed the most lucky of men,

Inasmuch as hard by,
Indeed so very nigh
That her chimneys from his you might almost descry,
Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,
One whose character scandal itself could defy,
While her charms and accomplishments ranked very high,
And who would not deny
A propitious reply,
But 'reflect back his blushes and give sigh for sigh'
(A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by the bye.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near
Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,
That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all
The 'Rosebud of Tappington' ceased not to call,
Was going to say,
'Honour, love, and obey'
To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,—
That all other suitors were left in the lurch,
And the parties had even been 'out-asked' in church.
For every one says,
In those primitive days,
And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,
None dreamed of transferring a daughter or niece
As a bride by an 'unstamped agreement' or lease,
'Fore a Registrar's Clerk or a Justice of Peace,
While young ladies had fain
Single women remain,
And unwedded maids to the last 'crack of doom' stick,
Ere marry by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear
At Holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,

Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,
Their forebears had joined with the neighbours to rear,
And endowed, some with bucks, some with beef, some with beer,
To comfort the friars and make them good cheer ;
Adorning the building
With carving and gilding,
And stone altars, fixed to the chantries and filled in ;
(Papistic in substance and form, and on this count
With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount—
See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*
V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii mensis[1]—
With 'Judgment reversed, costs of suit and expenses';)
All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason styled
By Duke Humphrey's confessor[2] 'a Wonderful Child';
For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth
Who made 'his profession of faith' at his birth,
And when scarce a foot high or six inches in girth
Converted his 'Ma,' and contrived to amend a
Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.[3]

[1] The celebrated 'stone altar case' arose out of an undertaking on the part of the Cambridge Camden Society to restore the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, commonly called the Round Church, in that town. In the course of the repairs a fixed altar of stone and a credence table were erected in the chancel. To this the incumbent, Mr. Faulkner, objected, and he opposed the grant of a faculty authorizing the new structure, but his objection was overruled by the chancellor of the diocese, and the faculty was obtained by the churchwardens. An appeal being made to the Court of Arches, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Jan. 31, 1845, reversed the decision of the court below, gave judgment for the appellant with costs, and declared the altar and credence table illegal, but at the same time declined to issue a monition for their removal. (See *Faulkner* v. *Litchfield and Stearn ; Robertson.*)

[2] Honest John Capgrave, the veracious biographer of *English Saints*, author, or rather compiler of the *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, was chaplain to Humphrey, 'the Good Duke' of Gloucester. A beautiful edition of his work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.—T. I.

[3] Authorities appear to differ on this subject. According to an old twelfth-century MS. (*Arundel* 91, *Brit. Mus.*) St. Romwold's 'Ma' was a lady of very advanced theological opinions for her age, and positively declined to proceed with the marriage with her royal bridegroom till he had renounced heathendom and been received into the bosom of the Church.

Of course to the shrine
Of so young a divine
Flowed much holy water, and some little wine ;
And, when any young folks did to marriage incline,
The good friars were much in request, and not one
Was more 'sought unto' than the Sub-prior, Mess John.
To him, there and then,
Sir Alured Denne
Wrote a three-cornered note with a small crow-quill pen,
To say what he wanted, and fix 'the time when' ;
And, as it's well known that your people of quality
Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,
Just as the clock struck the hour he'd named in it,
The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now, whether it was that some rapturous dream,
Comprehending 'fat pullets and clouted cream,'
Had borne the good man, in its vision of bliss,
Far off to some happier region than this—
Or whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,
Took longer than usual that morning in telling ;
Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,
Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,
In penance for killing some score of the fleas,
Which, infesting his hair-shirt, deprived him of ease ;
Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,
Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,
Produced indigestion,—
Continues a question :
The particular cause is not worth a debate ;
For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state
That, whatever the reason, his rev'rence *was* late,
And Sir Alured Denne,
Not the meekest of men,
Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,
Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain,
That there was—what, I own,
I grieve to make known—
On the worthy knight's character one single stain,
But for which, all his friends had borne witness I'm sure
He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.
The fact is, that many distinguished commanders
'Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders.'
Now into these parts our knight chancing to go, countries
Named from this sad, vulgar custom, 'The *Low* Countries,'
Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,
Had picked up this shocking bad habit of swearing,
And, if anything vexed him or matters went wrong,
Was giv'n to what low folks call, 'Coming it strong.'
Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,
He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
To a place where they certainly would not take cold.
Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,
Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,
Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by and by.

Near or far
Few people there are
But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,—
How in Netherby Chapel, 'at morning tide,'
The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride;
How they waited, 'but ne'er
A Bride was there,'
Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,
The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear;
And yet to experience so serious a blight in
One's dearest affections is somewhat exciting.
'Tis manifest then
That Sir Alured Denne

Had far less excuse for such bad language, when
It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—
He had filled up the interval better with kissing.
And 'twas really surprising,
And not very wise in
A Knight to go on so anathematizing,
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime
Was but being a little behind as to time:—
Be that as it may
He swore so that day
At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,
That not a bystander who heard what he said
But listened to all his expressions with dread,
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head.
Nay, many folks there
Did not stick to declare
The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,
For the little stone Saint who sat perched o'er the door,
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,
What will scarce be believed,
Was plainly perceived
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,
And look down with a frown
So remarkably brown
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on
From that he received at the hands of the mason.
Nay, many averred he half rose in his niche,
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,
Called his priest an 'old son of —' some animal—which,
Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on
The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight
Himself saw the sight,
And it's likely he did, as he easily might;

For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack
And, in nautical language, seemed 'taken aback.'
Insomuch that, when now
The 'prime cause of the row,'
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,
Or made use of the language to which I allude.
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a-tying,
Her bridesmaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,
All softness now and behaving quite decently.
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown
Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down
Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,
When the rite being over the fees were all paid,
And, the party remounting, the whole cavalcade
Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours
It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers;
For though about One
You've a fine brilliant sun,
When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
Yet, long ere the hour hand approaches the Two,
There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
But it 'rains cats and dogs,' and you're fairly wet through
Ere you know where to turn, what to say or to do;
For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a
Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella.
But in Edward the First's days, I very much fear,
Had a gay cavalier
Thought fit to appear

In any such 'toggery'—then 'twas termed 'gear'—
He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,
Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear,
On the features of every soul he came near.
There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,
On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a *'bus:*[1]
As they rode through the woods
In their wimples and hoods,
Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain
Was, as Spencer describes it, to 'pryck o'er the plaine,'
That is to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter
In search of some building or other for shelter.

Now it seems that the sky
Which had been of a dye
As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,
The season in fact being genial and dry,
Began to assume
An appearance of gloom
From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,
Which deepened and deepened till all the horizon
Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on;
And soon from the far west the elements' rumbling
Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.
Bright flashes between,
Blue, red, and green,
All livid and lurid began to be seen.

[1] A repartee said to have been delivered by an eminent counsel—and later an eminent judge—to Lord Campbell was at this time going the round of the Clubs. The gentleman alluded to having occasion to describe a Brougham made a dissyllable of the word and pronounced it Broug-ham. 'Why not say Brougham?' asked his Lordship; 'it will be equally well understood and you will save a syllable.' The trial proceeded till the judge, in the course of his summing up, observed—'It appears, gentlemen of the jury, that the plaintiff, who is a coachmaker, sent in a bill to the defendant for repairs done to certain carriages,—a Brougham, an Omnibus——' 'Beg pardon, my Lord!' interrupted the counsel, 'why not say "'Bus?" you will be better understood, and save two syllables.'

At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,
A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,
And up came the reek,
And down came the shriek
Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train ;
And the tempest began so to roar and to pour
That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,
As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,
Had scarce gained a mile, or a mere trifle more,
Ere the whole of the crew
Were completely wet through.
They dashed o'er the downs and they dashed through the vales,
They dashed up the hills and they dashed down the dales,
As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails.
The Bridegroom in vain
Attempts to restrain
The Bride's frightened palfrey by seizing the rein,
When a flash and a crash,
Which produced such a splash
That a Yankee had called it 'an Almighty Smash,'
Came down so complete
At his own courser's feet
That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,
From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,
Slipped out of his demi-pique over the crupper,
And fell from the back of his terrified cob
On what bards less refined than myself term his 'Nob.'
(To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job.)

Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song
With a classical simile cannot be wrong—
Just so, in such roads and in similar weather,
Tydides and Nestor were riding together,

When, so says old Homer, the king of the Sky,
The great 'Cloud-compeller,' his lightnings let fly,
And their horses both made such a desperate shy

At this freak of old Zeus,
That at once they broke loose;
Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use.

If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,
Had not whipped them sharp round and away from the fray,
They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,
And there'd been the—a name I won't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recovered his seat.—
Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat
At Astley's could not be more neat or complete.
It's recorded, indeed, by an eminent pen
Of our own days that this *our* great Widdicombe,[1] then
In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten
Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne.—
It is certain the Knight
Was so agile and light
That an instant sufficed him to set matters right ;
Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight ;
For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace
Her descent from the 'pure old Caucasian race,'
Sleek, slim, and bony, as
Mr. Sidonia's
Fine 'Arab steed,'
Of the very same breed,
Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly
—See 'Coningsby' written by 'B. Disraeli'—
That palfrey, I say,
From this trifling delay
Had made what at sea's called 'a great deal of way.'
'More fleet than the roebuck' and free as the wind,
She had left the good company rather behind.
They whipped and they spurred and they after her prest ;
Still Sir Alured's steed was 'by long chalks' the best
Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest,

[1] The unapproachable Mr. Widdicombe, master of the ring at *Astley's*, who preserved the graces of youth to an age only equalled by Tom Hill and the Wandering Jew. See *Punch*, *passim*.

But long ere e'en he had the fugitive neared,
She dashed into the wood and at once disappeared.
It's a 'fashious' affair when you're out on a ride,
—Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride;
If you are it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—
And you come to a place where three cross-roads divide,
Without any way-post, stuck up by the side
Of the road, to direct you and act as a guide,
With a road leading here, and a road leading there,
And a road leading no one exactly knows where.
When Sir Alured came
In pursuit of the dame
To a fork of this kind,—a three-pronged one—small blame
To his scholarship if, in selecting his way,
His respect for the Classics now led him astray:
But the rule in a work I won't stop to describe is
In medio semper tutissimus ibis,
So the Knight, being forced of the three paths to enter one,
Dashed, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill,
Up and down hill,
Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still,
Aye banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill
At his courser because he had given him 'a spill':
Yet he did not gain ground
On the palfrey; the sound,
On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast
Grew fainter and fainter,—and fainter—and—ceased!
Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,
To a sort of a clearing, and there—he stuck fast;
For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,
Stood fixed as the Governor's nag in 'Don Juan,'
Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a
Few yards south-east of the door of the Opera,

Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,
While Alured wanted the cocked hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen
A diminutive Green
Scooped out from the covert—a thick leafy screen
Of wild foliage ; trunks with broad branches between
Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen ;
For the weather at once appeared clear and serene,
And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,
Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been :
In short, it was one of those sweet little places
In Egypt and Araby known as 'oases.'
There, under the shade
That was made by the glade,
The astonished Sir Alured sat and surveyed
A little low building of Bethersden stone,
With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,—
A *Sacellum*, or cell,
In which Chronicles tell
Saints and anchorites erst were accustomed to dwell.
A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,
The zig-zaggy pattern by Normans invented
Was cleverly chiselled and well represented,
Surmounted a door,
Some five feet by four ;
It might have been less or it might have been more ;
In the primitive ages they made these things lower
Than we do in buildings that had but one floor.
And these Chronicles say,
When an anchorite grey
Wished to shut himself up and keep out of the way,
He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,
And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée.*

There, under the arch I've endeavoured to paint,
With no little surprise,
And scarce trusting his eyes,

The Knight now saw standing that little boy Saint!—
The one whom before
He'd seen over the door

Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore,
With mitre, and crozier, and rochet, and stole on,
The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon!
With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak
You'd expect, that small Saint now addressed him to speak;
In a bold manly tone, he
Began, while his stony
Cold lips breathed an odour quite eau-de-Cologne-y;
In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he
Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks in perfumery.[1]

'Sir Alured Denne!'
Said the Saint, 'be atten-
tive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,
Have for some generations been vot'ries of mine;
They have bought me mould candles and bowed at my shrine,
They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,
With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine;
And, though you, in this
Have been rather remiss,
Still I owe you a turn for the sake of "Lang Syne";
And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing
Have reached to a pitch that is really past bearing.
'Twere a positive scandal
In even a Vandal:
It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book and candle:
And, though I've now learned, as I've always suspected,
Your own education's been somewhat neglected,
Still, you're not such an uninformed pagan, I hope,
As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope!

[1] In eodem autem prato in quo baptizatus Sanctus Romwoldus nunquam gratissimus odor deficit; neque ibi herbæ pallescunt, sed semper in viriditate permanentes magna nectaris suavitate redolent.—*Nov. Legend. Angl.*—T. I.

And his Holiness feels, very properly, jealous
Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.
Now, take my advice,—
Saints never speak twice,
So take it at once, as I once for all give it ;—
Go home ! you'll find there all as right as a trivet ;
But mind, and remember, if once you give way
To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,
I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,
As sure as you're born, on the very first trip
That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,
I'll soon make you rue it !
—I've said it—I'll do it !
" Forewarned is forearmed "; you shan't say but you knew—
Whate'er you hold dearest or nearest your heart
I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart !
I will, on my honour ! you know it's absurd
To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word
For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man.
I've said it ! I'll do't !—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman ! '—

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,
And some one inside shut the door with a bang !
Sparkling with dew,
Each green herb anew
Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,
As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew
(For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue),
And the cud of reflection continued to chew
Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.
Little recked he what he smelt, what he saw ;
Brilliance of scenery,
Fragrance of greenery,
Failed in impressing his mental machinery.
Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he

Fairly was able distinction to draw
'Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi.*

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,
And cheerily ring the bells ;
For the race is run,
The goal is won,
The little lost mutton is happily found,
The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound
In the Hall where her new Lord dwells !
Hard had they ridden, that company gay,
After fair Edith, away and away :
This had slipped back o'er his courser's rump,
That had gone over his ears with a plump,
But the Lady herself had stuck on like a trump,
Till her panting steed
Relaxed her speed,
And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels
When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,
Stopped of herself ; as it's very well known
Horses will do, when they're thoroughly blown ;
And thus the whole group had foregathered again,
Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.

Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking,
Doings indulged in by one and by all !
Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in
All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall.
All sorts of revelry,
All sorts of devilry,
All play at 'High Jinks' and keep up the ball.
Days, weeks and months, it is really astonishing,
When one's so happy, how Time flies away.
Meanwhile, the Bridegroom requires no admonishing
As to what passed on his own wedding day ;

Never since then
Had Sir Alured Denne
Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
That began with a D or left off with an N!

Once and once only, when put in a rage
By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,
All buttons and brass,
Who, in handling a glass
Of spiced hippocras, throws
It all over his clothes,
And spoils his best pourpoint and smartest trunk hose.
While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he
'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),
Then, and then only, came into his head,
A very sad word that began with a Z;
But he checked his complaint,
He remembered the Saint,
In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint!
That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,
Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung
Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year
Of mirth and good cheer
Flew over their heads; to each other more dear
Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer
As the rarest examples of love ever known,
Since the days of *Le Chivaler D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,
Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.
Well—it happened at last,
After certain years past,
That an embassy came to our court from afar—
From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now called the Czar;

And the Spindleshanked Monarch determined to do
All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who
Had sailed all that way from a country which few
In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,
With a hat like a muff and a beard like a Jew,
Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,
And to say how desirous
His Prince Wladimirus
Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,
And how he regretted he was not much nigher us;
With other fine things,
Such as Kings say to Kings
When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in
Hopes by such 'gammon' to take one another in.
King Longshanks, I say,
Being now on his way
Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,
Was living in clover
At this time at Dover,
I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summoned I can't tell you how many men,
Knights, Nobles and Squires, to the wars of Guienne;
And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,
Who, acting like most
Of the Knights in the host,
Whose residence was not too far from the coast,
Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,
Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.

Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies and knights,
In their *Saracenettes*[1] and their bright chain-mail tights,

[1] This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home, a few years before, by Edward, from the Holy Land.—T. I.

All accustomed to galas, grand doings and sights,
A matter like this was at once put to rights;
'Twould have been a strange thing
If so polished a King,
With his Board of Green Cloth and Lord Steward's department,
Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word 'smart' meant.
A banquet was ordered at once for a score,
Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,
And the King, though he thought it 'a bit of a bore,'
Asked all the *élite*
Of his *levée* to meet
The illustrious Strangers and share in the treat.
For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her
Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.
(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,
You won't find it trouble you,
Sound but the W,
Like the first L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn!)

Fancy the fuss, and the fidgety looks
Of Robert de Burghersh, the constable's, cooks;
For of course the *cuisine*
Of the King and the Queen
Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheen,
Or wherever the Court ere it started had been;
And it's really no jest,
When a troublesome guest
Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest,
Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,
And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.

The servants, no doubt,
Were much put to the rout,
By this very *extempore* sort of set out;

But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan,
'When you can't what you would, you must do what you
can!'
So they ransacked the country, folds, pig-styes and pens,
For the sheep, and the porkers, the cocks and the hens;
'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,
A fine tabby-grey,
Disappeared on that day,
And whatever became of him no one could say.
They brought all the food
That ever they could,
Fish, flesh and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,
To his Majesty's *Dapifer* Eudo (or Ude);
They lighted the town up, sat ringing the bells,
And borrowed the waiters from all the hotels.
A bright thought, moreover, came into the head
Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,
As he said, for the thorough success of his spread;
So he said to himself, 'What a thing it would be
Could I have here with me
Some one, two, or three
Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!
It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief
Understand our plum-puddings and barons of beef,
But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets
We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!'
With this happy conceit for improving the mess,
Pooh-poohing expense, he dispatched an express
In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,
Who dashed down the hill without locking the wheel,
And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,
Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,
Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,
A cook of some fame,
Who invented the same

Cold pudding that still bears the family name.
This accomplished, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restored,
And in due time a banquet was placed on the board
'In the very best style,' which implies, in a word,
'All the dainties the season' (and King) 'could afford.'
There were snipes, there were rails,
There were woodcocks and quails,
There were peacocks served up in their pride (that is, tails),
Fricandeaux, fricassees,
Ducks and green peas,
Cotelettes à l'Indienne and chops *à la Soubise*
(Which last you may call 'onion sauce,' if you please);
There were barbecued pigs
Stuffed with raisins and figs,
Omelettes and *haricots*, stews and *ragoûts*,
And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.
Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went!
Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent;
Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,
Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,
Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine!
The rich juice of Roussillon, Gascoygne, Bordeaux,
Marasquin, Curaçoa,
Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,
And Gin, which the company voted 'No Go';
The guests all hob-nobbing,
And bowing and bobbing;
Some prefer white wine, while others more value red;
Few, a choice few,
Of more orthodox *goût*,
Stick to 'old crusted port,' among whom was Sir Alured:
Never indeed at a banquet before
Had that gallant commander enjoyed himself more.

Then came 'sweets':—served in silver were tartlets and
pies—in glass,
Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet and isinglass,
Creams and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,
Blancmange, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.
And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest
In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,
And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,
They soon played the deuce
With a large *Charlotte Russe.*
More than one of the party dispatched his plate twice
With 'I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice!
Your dishes from Russia are really *so* nice!'
Then the prime dish of all! 'There was nothing so good in
The whole of the Feed,'
One and all were agreed,
'As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding!'
Sir Alured Denne, who'd all day, to say sooth,
Like Iago, been 'plagued with a sad raging tooth,'
Which had nevertheless interfered very little
With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle,
Requested a friend
Who sat near him to send
Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,
And begged to take wine with him afterwards, grateful
Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.
Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balked it or spilled
it—
The gallant Knight opened his mouth—and then
filled it!

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe
Me at all to go on and attempt to describe
The fearsome look then
Of Sir Alured Denne!

—Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding combined!
Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet
All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,
Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!
How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise!
See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes,
Now east and now west, now north and now south!
Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth
That vile 'spoonful'—what
He has got he knows not,
He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot;
At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,
'A SNOWBALL by ——!' what I decline to repeat,—
'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh, what a volley!—a great many heard
What flowed from his lips, and 'twere really absurd
To suppose that each man was not shocked by each word;
A great many heard too, with mixed fear and wonder,
The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,
That broke as if bursting the building asunder;
But very few heard, although every one might,
The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,
Where the Lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight;
And very few saw—some—the number was small,
In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,
A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,
With a small stony mitre and a small stony crosier,
And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier
Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,
As Merryman says, 'for to come for to go!'
While every one smelt a delicious perfume
That seemed to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne,
The *bonne et belle* then,
Never again was beheld among men!
But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,
And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,

And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,
And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,
Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,
And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER FACE?

'Twas gone with her body ;—and nobody knows,
Nor could any one present so much as suppose,
How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes !

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where
No mortal was ever yet found to declare ;
Though inquiries were made, and some writers record
That Sir Alured offered a handsome reward.

. . . . . .

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,
Taking with him his Barons, his Knights and his men :
You may look through the whole
Of that King's muster-roll,
And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne ;
But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood
A little old chapel in Bilsington wood :
The remains to this day,
Archæologists say,
May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could :
There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,
Who lived all alone,
And never was known
To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone ;
But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,
A wild Irishman's heart had responded 'Och hone !'
As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins
To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins—
He too, like the rest, was accustomed to do so.
His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,
He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe :—
In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots,
And the cob-nuts and fruits,

Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls
In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls.
They'd not get him to speak,
If they'd tried for a week,
But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,
And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard
His young friends use a naughty expression or word.
How long he lived, or at what time he died,
'Twere hard after so many years to decide;
But there's one point on which all traditions agree,
That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,
And his linen was marked with an A and a D.

Alas for the glories of Bonnington Hall!
Alas for its splendour! alas for its fall![1]
Long years have gone by
Since the trav'ller might spy
Any decentish house in the parish at all.
For, very soon after the awful event
I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent,
That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs
And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares
In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,
On a tall female figure, or find her, far horrider,
Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor;
But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,
No one could ever get sight of her face!
Nor could they perceive
Any arm in her sleeve,
While her legs and her feet, too, seemed mere 'make-believe';

[1] No family seat appears to have existed in the parish of Bonnington adjoining Bilsington, on the borders of Romney Marsh; nor is any connection of the Dennes with that place to be traced. Another Bonnington, the seat of the ancient family of Boys, formerly existed in the parish of Goodnestone, near Sandwich, with which the Hall of the legend seems, whether designedly or not, to be confounded.

For she glided along with that shadow-like motion
Which gives one the notion
Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean ;
And, though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle,
They saw but that side on't *orné* with the bustle.
The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,
Soon 'wanted to better themselves,' and gave warning,
While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest
Who would not let himself or his family rest ;
So he packed up his all,
And made a bare wall
Of each well-furnished room in his ancestors' Hall ;
Then left the old mansion to stand or to fall,
Having previously barred up the windows and gates,
To avoid paying sesses, and taxes and rates,
And settled on one of his other estates,
Where he built a new mansion, and called it Denne Hill ;
And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,
To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,
Soon went to decay,
And mouldered away ;
But whether it dropped down at last I can't say,
Or whether the Jackdaws produced by degrees a
Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa,
Some centuries ago,
I'm sure I don't know,
But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny :
'*Perierunt*,' as some one says, '*etiam ruinæ*.'

MORAL

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in,
If you *are* in a passion, don't swear at a wedding !

Whenever you chance to be asked out to dine,
Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine!
In your eating remember one principal point,
Whatever you do, have your eye on the joint!
Keep clear of side-dishes, don't meddle with those
Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,
Poke over your shoulders and under your nose;
Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land
And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,
Buy a good book of cookery! I've a compact one,
First-rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton:
This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're made of,
And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of;—
Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,
You'll commit yourself some day, like Alured Denne.

'To persons about to be married' I'd say,
Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day!
And, should there perchance be a trifling delay
On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,
And don't snub the parson, the clerk or churchwarden!
To married men this—For the rest of your lives,
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives:
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,
Or, what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint!

A SERIOUS error, similar to that which forms the subject of the following legend, is said to have occurred in the case of one, or rather two gentlemen named Curina, who dwelt near Hippo in the days of St. Augustine. The matter was set right, and a friendly hint at the same time conveyed to the ill-used individual, that it would be advisable for him to apply to the above-mentioned Father, and be baptized with as little delay as possible. The story is quoted by Southey in *The Doctor*, together with another of the same kind, which is given on no less authority than that of Gregory the Great.

A LAY OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON

YOU are all aware that
On our throne there once sat
A very great king who'd an Angevin hat,
With a great sprig of broom which he wore as a badge
in it,
Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet.

Pray don't suppose
That I'm going to prose
O'er Queen Eleanor's wrongs or Miss Rosamond's woes,
With the dagger and bowl, and all that sort of thing,
Not much to the credit of Miss, Queen, or King.

The tale may be true,
But, between me and you,
With the King's *escapade* I'll have nothing to do;
But shall merely select, as a theme for my rhymes,
A fact which occurred to some folks in his times.

If for health, or a 'lark,'
You should ever embark
In that best of improvements on boats since the Ark,

The steam-vessel called the 'Red Rover,' the barge
Of an excellent officer, named Captain Large,

You may see, some half-way
'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay
And Margate, the place where you're going to stay,
A village called Birchington, famed for its 'Rolls,'
As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles.

Well,—there stood a fane
In this Harry Broom's reign,
On the edge of the cliff, overhanging the main,
Renowned for its sanctity all through the nation,
And orthodox friars of the Austin persuasion.

Among them was one,
Whom if once I begun
To describe as I ought I should never have done,—
Father Richard of Birchington, so was the Friar
Yclept, whom the rest had elected their Prior.

He was tall and upright,
About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And the tonsure had left, 'mid his ringlets of brown,
A little bald patch on the top of his crown.

His bright sparkling eye
Was of hazel, and nigh
Rose a finely-arched eyebrow of similar dye;
He'd a small, well-formed mouth with the *Cupidon* lip,
And an aquiline nose, somewhat red at the tip.

In doors and out
He was very devout,
With his *Aves* and *Paters*—and oh, such a knout!!

For his self-flagellations! the Monks used to say
He would wear out two penn'orth of whip-cord a day!

Then how his piety
Shows in his diet!—he

Dines upon pulse, or, by way of variety,
Sand-eels or dabs; or his appetite mocks
With those small periwinkles that crawl on the rocks.

In brief, I don't stick
To declare Father Dick—

So they called him, 'for short'—was a 'Regular Brick';[1]
A metaphor taken—I have not the page aright—
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrite.

Now Nature, 'tis said,
Is a comical jade,
And among the fantastical tricks she has played,
Was the making our good Father Richard a Brother,
As like him in form as one pea's like another.

He was tall and upright,
About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And, though he had not shorn his ringlets of brown,
He'd a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

He'd a bright sparkling eye
Of the hazel, hard by
Rose a finely-arched sourcil of similar dye;
He'd a small, well-shaped mouth with a *Cupidon* lip,
And a good Roman nose, rather red at the tip.

But here, it's pretended,
The parallel ended;
In fact, there's no doubt his life might have been mended,
And people who spoke of the Prior with delight
Shook their heads if you mentioned his brother, the Knight.

If you'd credit report,
There was nothing but sport,
And High Jinks going on night and day at 'the court,'
Where Sir Robert, instead of devotion and charity,
Spent all his time in unseemly hilarity.

[1] The perfect man is described by Aristotle in the 'Ethics' as τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου, a cube without fault,—more gracefully rendered by undergraduates, 'a regular brick and no mistake.'

He drinks and he eats
Of choice liquors and meats,
And he goes out on We'n'sdays and Fridays to treats,
Gets tipsy whenever he dines or he sups,
And is wont to come quarrelsome home in his cups.

No *Paters*, no *Aves;*
An absolute slave he's
To tarts, pickled salmon, and sauces, and gravies;
While as to his beads — what a shame in a
Knight!—
He really don't know the wrong end from the right!

So, though 'twas owned then
By nine people in ten
That 'Robert and Richard were two pretty men,'
Yet there the praise ceased, or at least the good Priest
Was considered the 'Beauty,' Sir Robert the 'Beast.'

Indeed, I'm afraid
More might have been laid
To the charge of the Knight than was openly said;
For then we'd no 'Phiz's,' no 'H.B.'s,' nor 'Leeches,'
To call Roberts 'Bobs,' and illustrate their speeches.

'Twas whispered he'd rob,
Nay murder! a job
Which would stamp him no 'brick,' but a 'regular snob'
(An obsolete term, which, at this time of day,
We should probably render by *mauvais sujet*).

Now if *here* such affairs
Get wind unawares
They are bruited about,—doubtless, much more 'down-stairs';
Where Old Nick has a register-office, they say,
With commissioners quite of such matters *au fait*.

Of course, when he heard
What his people averred
Of Sir Robert's proceedings in deed and in word,
He asked for the ledger, and hastened to look
At the leaves on the creditor side of this book.

'Twas with more than surprise
That he now ran his eyes
O'er the numberless items, oaths, curses and lies,
Et cetera, set down in Sir Robert's account;—
He was quite 'flabbergasted' to see the amount.

'Dear me! this is wrong!
It's a great deal too strong,
I'd no notion this bill had been standing so long—
Send Levybub here!' and he filled up a writ
Of '*Ca sa*,' duly prefaced with 'Limbo to wit.'

'Here, Levybub, quick!'
To his bailiff, said Nick,
'I'm "ryled" and "my dander's up," "Go a-head slick"
Up to Kent—not Kentuck—and at once fetch away
A snob there—I guess that's a *Mauvais Sujet*—

'One De Birchington, knight.
'Tis not clear quite
What his t'other name is—they've not entered it right,—
Ralph, Robert, or Richard? they've not gone so far:
Our critturs have put it down merely as "R."

'But he's tall and upright,
About six feet in height,
His complexion, I reckon, you'd calculate light,
And he's farther "set down" having ringlets of brown,
With a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

'Then his eye and his lip,
Hook-nose, red at tip,
Are marks your attention can't easily slip.
Take Slomanoch with you, he's got a good knack
Of soon grabbing his man, and be back in a crack!'

That same afternoon
Father Dick, who as soon
Would 'knock in' or 'cut chapel' as jump o'er the moon,
Was missing at vespers—at compline—all night!
And his monks were, of course, in a deuce of a fright.

Morning dawned—'twas broad day,—
Still no Prior! the tray
With his muffins and eggs went untasted away;—
He came not to luncheon—all said, 'it was rum of him!'
—None could conceive what on earth had become of him.

They examined his cell,
They peeped down the well;
They went up the tow'r, and looked into the bell;
They dragged the great fish-pond, the little one tried,
But found nothing at all, save some carp—which they fried.

'Dear me! Dear me!
Why, where can he be?
He's fall'n over the cliff? tumbled into the sea?'
'Stay—he talked,' exclaimed one, 'if I recollect right,
Of making a call on his brother, the Knight!'

He turns as he speaks,
The 'Court Lodge' he seeks,
Which was known then, as now, by the queer name of Quekes,
But scarce half a mile on his way had he sped
When he spied the good Prior in the paddock—stone dead!

Alas! 'twas too true!
And I need not tell you
In the convent his news made a pretty to do;
Through all its wide precincts so roomy and spacious,
Nothing was heard but 'Bless *me!*' and 'Good Gracious!!'

They sent for the May'r
And the Doctor,—a pair
Of grave men, who began to discuss the affair,
When in bounced the Coroner, foaming with fury,
'Because,' as he said, ''twas pooh-pooh! ing his jury.'

Then commenced a dispute,
And so hot they went to't,
That things seemed to threaten a serious *emeute*,
When, just in the midst of the uproar and racket,
Who should walk in but St. Thomas à Becket.

Quoth his Saintship, 'How now?
Here's a fine coil, I trow!
I should like to know, gentlemen, what's all this row?
Mr. Wickliffe—or Wackliffe—whatever your name is—
And you, Mr. May'r, don't you know, Sirs, what shame is?[1]

'Pray what's all this clatter
About? what's the matter?'
Here a monk, whose teeth funk and concern made to chatter,
Sobs out, as he points to the corpse on the floor,
''Tis all dickey with poor Father Dick—he's no more!'

'How!—what?' says the Saint,
'Yes he is—no he ain't![2]
He can't be deceased—pooh! it's merely a faint,
Or some foolish mistake which may serve for our laughter,
"He *should* have died," like the old Scotch Queen,
"hereafter."[3]

[1] On the appointment, referred to before, of Mr. Wakley to the office of Coroner for Middlesex, a succession of disputes arose between him and the police magistrates on the subject of jurisdiction. He complained generally of a disposition on their part to underrate the importance of his functions, and particularly of their refusal to order prisoners, committed by them on charges of murder or manslaughter, to be produced for examination before him and his jury. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wakley's law, his zeal was beyond question. In allusion to the interest he took in the discharge of his duty, Hook said to him one day at dinner: 'Try the port, Mr. Coroner, I'm sure you'll like it,—there's a *body* in it!'

[2] *Cantise* for 'is not'; St. Thomas, it seems, had lived long enough in the country to pick up a few of its provincialisms.—T. I.

[3] *Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Macbeth, Act v. Scene 5.

'His time is not out;
Some blunder no doubt;
It shall go hard but that I'll know what it's about:—
I shan't be surprised if that scurvy Old Nick's
Had a hand in't; it savours of one of his tricks.'

When a crafty old hound
Claps his nose to the ground,
Then throws it up boldly and bays out, 'I've found!'
And the pack catch the note, I'd as soon think to check it
As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

Once on the scent
To business he went,
'You Scoundrel come here, Sir' ('twas Nick that he meant),
'Bring your books here this instant—bestir yourself—do,
I've no time to waste on such fellows as you.'

Every corner and nook
In all Erebus shook
As he struck on the pavement his pastoral crook;
All its tenements trembled from basement to roofs,
And their *nigger* inhabitants shook in their hoofs.

Hanging his ears,
Yet dissembling his fears,
Ledger in hand, straight 'Auld Hornie' appears,
With that sort of half-sneaking, half-impudent look,
Bankrupts sport when cross-questioned by Cresswell or Cooke.

'So Sir-r-r! you are here,'
Said the Saint with a sneer,
'My summons, I trust, did not much interfere
With your morning engagements—I merely desire,
At your leisure, to know what you've done with my Prior?

'Now none of your lies,
Mr. Nick! I'd advise

You to tell me the truth without any disguise,
Or-r-r!!' The Saint, while his rosy gills seemed to grow
rosier,
Here gave another great thump with his crosier.

Like a small boy at Eton,
Who's not quite a Crichton,
And don't know his task but expects to be beaten,
Nick stammered, scarce knowing what answer to make,
'Sir, I'm sadly afraid here has been a mistake.

'These things will occur,
We are all apt to err,
The most cautious sometimes as you know, holy Sir.
For my own part—I'm sure I do all that I can—
But—the fact is—I fear we have got the wrong man.'

'Wrong man!' roared the Saint—
But the scene I can't paint,
The best colours I have are a vast deal too faint.
Nick afterwards owned that he ne'er knew what fright meant,
Before he saw saint under so much excitement.

'Wrong man! don't tell me—
Pooh—fiddle-de-dee!
What's your right, Scamp, to *any* man!—come, let me see;
I'll teach you, you thorough-paced rascal, to meddle
With church matters; come, Sirrah, out with your schedule!'

In support of his claim
The fiend turns to the name
Of 'De Birchington' written in letters of flame,
Below which long items stand, column on column,
Enough to have eked out a decent-sized volume!

Sins of all sorts and shapes,
From small practical japes
Up to dicings and drinkings, and murders and rapes:

And then of such standing!—a merciless tick,
From an Oxford tobacconist,—let alone Nick.

The Saint in surprise
Scarce believed his own eyes,
Still he knew he'd to deal with the father of lies,—
And 'So *this!*—you call *this!*' he exclaimed in a searching tone,
'This!!! the account of my friend Dick de Birchington!'

'Why,' said Nick, with an air
Of great candour, 'it's there
Lies the awkwardest part of this awkward affair.
I thought all was right—see the height tallies quite;
The complexion's what all must consider as light;
There's the nose, and the lip, and the ringlets of brown,
And the little bald patch on the top of the crown.

'And then the surname,
So exactly the same—
I don't know—I can't tell how the accident came,
But *some* how—I own it's a very sad job,
But—my bailiff grabbed Dick when he *should* have nabbed Bob.

'I am vexed beyond bounds
You should have such good grounds
For complaint; I would rather have given five pounds;
And any apology, Sir, you may choose,
I'll make with much pleasure, and put in the news.'

'An apology!—pooh!
Much good that will do!
An "*apology*" quotha?—and that too from you!—

Before any proposal is made of the sort,
Bring back your stol'n goods, thief!—produce them in Court!'

In a moment, so small
It seemed no time at all,
Father Richard sat up on his what-do-ye-call—
Sur son séant—and, what was as wondrous as pleasing,
At once began coughing, and sniffing, and sneezing;

While, strange to relate,
The Knight, whom the fate
Of his brother had reached, and who'd knocked at the gate
To make further inquiries, had scarce made his bow
To the Saint, ere he vanished, and no one knew how!

Erupit—evasit,
As Tully would phrase it,
And none could have known where to find his *Hic jacet*—
That sentence which man his mortality teaches:
Sir Robert had disappeared, body and breeches!

'Heyday! Sir, heyday!
What's the matter now—eh?'
Quoth À Becket, observing the gen'ral dismay,
'How, again!—'pon my word, this is really too bad!
It would drive *any* saint in the calendar mad.

'What, still at your tricking?
You *will* have a kicking?
I see you won't rest till you've got a good licking—
Your claim, friend?—what claim?—why you showed me before
That your *old* claim was cancelled—you've crossed out the score!

'Is it that way you'd Jew one?
You've settled the true one;
Do you mean to tell me he has run up a new one?
Of the thousands you've cheated
And scurvily treated,
Name one you've dared charge with a bill once receipted!
In the Bankruptcy Court should you dare to presume
To attempt it, they'd soon kick you out of the room,
—Ask Commissioner Fonblanque, or ask my Lord Brougham.

'And then to make under
So barefaced a blunder,
Your caption!—why, what's the world come to, I wonder?
My patience! it's just like his impudence, drat him!
—Stand out of the way there, and let me get at him!'

The Saint raised his arm,
But Old Nick, in alarm,
Dashed up through the skylight, not doing much harm,
While, *quitte pour la peur*, the Knight, sound on the whole,
Down the chimney came tumbling as black as a coal!

Spare we to tell
Of what after befell!
How the Saint lectured Robert de Birchington well,
Bade him alter his life, and held out as a warning
The narrow escape he'd made on't that morning.

Nor need we declare
How, then and there,
The jury and Coroner blew up the May'r
For his breach of decorum as one of the *quorum*,
In not having Levybub brought up before 'em.

Nor will you require
Me to state how the Prior
Could never thenceforth bear the sight of a fire,
Nor ever was heard to express a desire
In cold weather to see the thermometer higher.

Nor shall I relate
The subsequent fate
Of St. Thomas à Becket, whose reverend pâte
Fitzurse and De Morville, and Brito and Tracey
Shaved off, as his crown had been merely a jasey.[1]

Suffice it to say,
From that notable day
The 'Twin Birchington Brothers' together grew grey;
In the same holy convent continued to dwell,
Same food and same fastings, same habit, same cell.

No more the Knight rattles
In broils and in battles,
But sells, by De Robins,[2] his goods and his chattels,
And counting all wealth a mere Will-o'-the-wisp,
Disposes of Quekes to Sir Nicholas Crispe.[3]

One spot alone
Of all he had known
Of his spacious domain he retained as his own,

[1] Nec satis fuit eis sanguine sacerdotis et nece ecclesiam prophanare, nisi, coronâ capitis amputatâ, funestis gladiis jam defuncti ejicerent cerebrum.—*Matt. Paris.*—T. I.

[2] The auctioneer. See note under 'Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie,' vol. ii. p. 253.

[3] Quekes is in the parish of Birchington, Isle of Thanet. It passed by marriage from the Quekes to the Crispes, *temp.* Hen. VII. Sir Nicholas Crispe flourished in the time of Cromwell. His father, Henry Crispe, was taken forcibly from his seat in 1657, and detained eight months a prisoner in France. Leave to ransom him was with difficulty obtained from Cromwell, who suspected a plot to procure money for Charles II. He died in 1663, leaving Quekes to his nephew, who died 1680, when the property went to co-heiresses. The old house, having fallen into ruin, was pulled down about 1789; the present mansion is quite a modern building (*Hasted's Hist. Kent*).

In a neighbouring parish, whose name, I may say,
Scarce any two people pronounce the same way.

Re-*cul*-ver some style it,
While others revile it
As bad, and say *Re*-culver—'tisn't worth while it
Would seem to dispute, when we know the result immaterial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.

Sages, with brains
Full of 'Saxon remains,'
May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,
Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em,
Fast by the quantity marked for *Regulbium*.

Call't as you will,
The traveller still,
In the voyage that we talked about, marks on the hill
Overhanging the sea the 'twin towers' raised then
By 'Robert and Richard, those two pretty men,'

Both tall and upright,
And just equal in height.
The Trinity House talked of painting them white,
And the thing was much spoken of some time ago,
When the Duke, I believe—but I really don't know—[1]

. . . . .

Well—there the 'Twins' stand
On the verge of the land,
To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from Old Nick.

[1] A line is missing here which I have been unable to recover.—R. H. D. B.

So, whether you're sailors
Or Tooley-street tailors
Broke loose from your masters, those sternest of jailers,
And, bent upon pleasure, are taking your trip
In a craft which you fondly conceive is a ship,

When you've passed by the Nore,
And you hear the winds roar
In a manner you scarce could have fancied before,—
When the cordage and tackling
Are flapping and crackling,
And the boy with the bell
Thinks it useless to tell
You that 'dinner's on table,' because you're unwell ;—

When above you all's 'scud,'
And below you the flood
Looks a horrible mixture of soap-suds and mud,—
When the timbers are straining,
And folks are complaining
The dead-lights are letting the spray and the rain in,—
When the helm's-man looks blue,
And Captain Large too,
And you really don't know what on earth you shall do—

In this hubbub and row
Think where you'd be now,
Except for the Birchington boys and their vow!
And, while o'er the wide wave you feel the craft pitch hard,
Praie for ye sowles of Roberte and Rychard!

MORAL

It's a subject of serious complaint in some houses,
With young married men who have elderly spouses,
That persons are seen in their figures and faces,
With very queer people in very queer places,
So like them that one for the other's oft taken,
And conjugal confidence thereby much shaken:
Explanations too often are thought mere pretences,
And Richard gets scolded for Robert's offences.

In a matter so nice
If I'm asked my advice,
I say copy King Henry to obviate that,
And stick something remarkable up in your hat!

Next, observe, in this world where we've so many cheats,
How useful it is to preserve your receipts!

If you deal with a person whose truth you don't doubt
Be particular, still, that your bill is crossed out;
But, with any inducement to think him a scamp,
Have a formal receipt on a regular stamp!

Let every gay gallant my story who notes
Take warning, and not go on 'sowing wild oats!'
Nor depend that some friend
Will always attend,
And by 'making all right' bring him off in the end;
He may be mistaken, so let him beware
St. Thomas à Beckets are now rather rare.

Last of all, may'rs and magistrates, never be rude
To juries! they are people who *won't* be pooh-pooh'd!
Especially Sandwich ones—no one can say
But himself may come under their clutches one day;
They then may pay off
In kind any scoff,
And turning their late verdict quite '*wisey wersey*,'
'*Acquit* you,' and *not* 'recommend you to mercy.'[1]

[1] At a Quarter Sessions held at Sandwich (some six miles from Birchington), on Tuesday the 8th of April last, before W. F. Boteler, Esq., the recorder, Thomas Jones, mariner, aged 17, was tried for stealing a jacket, value ten shillings. The jury, after a patient hearing, found him 'not guilty,' and 'recommended him to mercy.'—See the whole case reported in the *Kentish Observer*, April 10, 1845.—T. I.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!'
Thomson—or Somebody.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green 'specs,' with a tortoiseshell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him,
And they were a loving pair!—
And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame
Were ev'rywhere hailed with the loudest acclaim;
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Far and wide,
The people cried,
Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!—once again!—
Encore!—Encore!—
One cheer more!—
All sorts of pleasure and no sort of pain
To Sir Thomas the Good and the Fair Lady Jane!!

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
Be it well understood,
Was a man of a very contemplative mood;
He would pore by the hour
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black-beetles and Bumble-bees, Blue-bottle flies
And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An 'Industrious Flea' he'd by no means despise;
While an 'Old Daddy-long-legs,' whose 'long legs' and thighs
Passed the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize;
Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce 'keep his paws off':
—he
Gave up, in short,
Both business and sport,
And abandoned himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair
And a good many years the junior of him,
And as he,
All agree,
Looked less like her *Mari*,
As he walked by her side, than her *Père*,[1]
There are some might be found entertaining a notion
That such an entire and exclusive devotion
To that part of science folks style Entomology
Was a positive shame,
And, to such a fair Dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology.

[1] My friend, Mr. Hood,
In his comical mood,
Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady–
Him—'Stern-old and Hopkins,' and her 'Tête and Braidy.'—T. I.

No doubt, it *would* vex
One-half of the sex
To see their own husband, in horrid green 'specs,'
Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
Still poking his nose into this and to that,—
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
Or great ugly things
All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings ;
And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn :
One eternally thinking,
And blinking, and winking
At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.
But no !—oh no !
'Twas by no means so
With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby.—She, far discreeter,
And having a temper more even and sweeter,
Would never object to
Her spouse, in respect to
His poking and peeping
After 'things creeping' ;
Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire,
No lady so fair
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;
And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple or pear,
Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware ;—
Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair
With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,

Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,
And declare, where'er
They had been, that, 'they ne'er
In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear.'

Nay more; don't suppose
With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close.
No;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen,
Close by her side
Sat her kinsman, M'Bride,
Her cousin, fourteen-times-removed,—as you'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
In 'Burke's Commoners,' vol. xx., page 53.
All the papers I've read agree,
Too, with the pedigree,
Where, among the collateral branches, appears
'Captain Dugald M'Bride, Royal Scots Fusileers';
And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man.—
And there he'd be sitting,
While she was a-knitting,
Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
Or putting a 'gore,' or a 'gusset,' or 'bit' in,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very 'wise saw' from some very good book,—
Some such pious divine as
St. Thomas Aquinas:
Or, equally charming,
The works of Bellarmine;

Or else he unravels
The 'voyages and travels'
Of Hakluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse!)—
Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe.—
No matter who came,
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well,—it happened one day,
—I really can't say
The particular month; but I *think* 'twas in May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring time,—when 'Nature looks gay,'
As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light;—
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight!

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
And then—let me see!—
He had two—perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong Gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—

In fact, I and my son
Mix 'black' with our 'Hyson,'
Neither having the nerves of a bull or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call 'pison.'
No matter for that—
He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his 'specs' with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs.
Thus armed, he set out on a ramble—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear soul!—but he never came back!

'First dinner-bell' rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the 'Last'
Ding-donged, as it was ever wont, at half-past,
While Betsey and Sally,
And Thompson, the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself.—
Quoth Betsey, 'Dear me! why, the fish will be cold!'—
Quoth Sally, 'Good gracious! how "Missis" *will* scold!'—
Thompson, the *Valet*,
Looked gravely at Sally,
As who should say, 'Truth must not always be told!'
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold
Thus exposed to the dews,
Lambs'-wool stockings and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.

Still the Master was absent.—The Cook came and said, 'he
Much feared, as the dinner had been so long ready,
The roast and the boiled
Would be all of it spoiled,
And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure would be scarce fit to eat!'
This closed the debate—
''Twould be folly to wait,'
Said the Lady, 'Dish up!—let the meal be served straight;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He's lost sure as fate!
And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it's late!'
Captain Dugald M'Bride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table;—stood up, and said grace,—
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night, did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry!—
And Captain M'Bride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye!—
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From very 'young fellows' for very 'old chaps';
And if he had said
What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been 'Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!'

The morning dawned,—and the next,—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplext;
No watch-dog 'bayed a welcome home,' as
A watch-dog should, to the 'Good Sir Thomas';

No knocker fell
His approach to tell,—
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds carolled with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipped merry and free;—
Without, all was joy and harmony!

'And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey;—
The Stream we loved shall roll as fair;
The flowery sweets, the trim parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air;—
The Tree, whose bending branches bear
The One loved name, shall yet be there;—
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?'—
These were hinted to me as
The very ideas
Which passed through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
As she walked on the esplanade, to and again,
With Captain M'Bride,
Of course, at her side,
Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried.
An 'idea,' in fact, had got into *his* head,
That, if 'poor dear Sir Thomas' should really be dead,

It might be no bad 'spec.' to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
A Lady who was young and fair,
A Lady slim and tall,
To set himself down in comfort there
The Lord of Tapton[1] Hall.—
Thinks he, 'We have sent
Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!
The groom, who's been over
To Folkestone and Dover,
Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied,—
And we've sent out the Crier and had him well cried—

'MISSING!!
Stolen, or strayed,
Lost, or mislaid,
A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober and staid;—
Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was arrayed
In a sad-coloured suit, somewhat dingy and frayed;—
Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
And a hat rather low-crowned and broad in the brim.
Whoe'er
Shall bear,
Or shall send him with care
(Right side uppermost) home;—or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is;—or shall state
Any fact that may tend to throw light on his fate
To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPINGTON GATE,

[1] The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry. [*See* vol. i. p. 34.]—T. I.

Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble:—
(☞N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double!!☜)'

'Had he been above ground
He *must* have been found.
No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hanged,—or he's drowned!—
Then his Widow—ay! ay!—
But what will folks say?—
To address her at once—at so early a day!
Well—what then?—who cares?—let 'em say what they may—
A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her
Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!'

When a man has decided
As Captain M'Bride did,
And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vowed that 'her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—
Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!'—
With a thousand more compliments equally true,
And exprest in similitudes equally new!
Then his left arm he placed
Round her jimp, taper waist.—
Ere she fixed to repulse, or return, his embrace,
Up came running a man at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—'Oh, Ma'am! we've found Master!'—
'Where? where?' screamed the lady; and Echo screamed 'Where?'

The man couldn't say 'There!'
He had no breath to spare,
But, gasping for air, he could only respond
By pointing:—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND!!

'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his 'specs' and his hat
He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When, close to the side
Of the bank, he espied
An 'uncommon fine' Tadpole, remarkably fat!
He stooped; and he thought her
His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plumped head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear.
She sobbed and she sighed; she lamented and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swooned, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,
If Captain M'Bride
Had not been by her side,
With the Gardener; they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up.—
But when she 'comes to,'
Oh! 'tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas's body,
It looked so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes

Were all gnawed through and through;
And out of each shoe
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pulled out two!
And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well we may suppose;
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John[1]
Was summoned anon;
Holy water was sprinkled,
And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,
And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,—
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
Had *thought about*—once more 'changing her name';
And she said, with a pensive air,
To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
'Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond:
Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!'

[1] For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see vol. i. p. 219. This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.—T. I.

MORAL

All middle-aged Gentlemen, let me advise,
If you're married and have not got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall and slim, I would next recommend to beware
How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, 'There are fish, and no doubt on't—
As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't!'

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the 'gloaming,'—
Let them have a fixt time for said spouse to come home in!
And if, when 'last dinner-bell' 's rung, he is late,
To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals;—
That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
Have them spitch-cocked,—or stewed—they're too oily
when fried!

THE HOUSE-WARMING!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD

'Did you ever see the Devil dance?'—OLD QUERY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced with grace,
He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,
And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,
And the rest of his clothes,
As you well may suppose,
In taste were by no means inferior to those.
He'd a yellow starched ruff,
And his gloves were of buff,
On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,
And nice little moustaches under his nose.
Then every one knows
How he turned out his toes,—
And a very great way that accomplishment goes,
In a Court where it's thought, in a lord or duke, a
Disgrace to fall short in 'the Brawls'—(their Cachouca).
So, what with his form and what with his face,
And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,
And what with his elegant dancing and grace,
His dress and address
So tickled Queen Bess

That her Majesty gave him a very snug place;
And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her
Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper
(Old Burleigh excepted) she made him Lord-Keeper!

I've heard, I confess with no little surprise,
English history called a farrago of lies,
And a certain Divine,
A connexion of mine,
Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
Is apt to declare,
Leaning back in his chair,
With a sort of a smirking, self-satisfied air,
That 'all that's recorded in Hume, and elsewhere,
Of our early "*Annales*"
A trumpery tale is,
Like the "Bold Captain Smith's," and "the luckless Miss Bayley's"—
That old Roger Hoveden, and Ralph de Diceto,
And others (whose names should I try to repeat over, I'm well assured you would put in your veto),
Though all holy friars,
Were very great liars,
And raised stories faster than Grissell and Peto;—
That Harold escaped with the loss of a "glim"—
That the shaft which killed Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
Of a tree, as they say, but was aimed slap at *him*,—
That Fair Rosamond never was poisoned or spitted,
But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied;—
That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,
Nor sucked the wound made by the poison-tipped knife!

For as she,
O'er the sea,
Towards far Galilee
Never, even in fancy, marched carcass or shook shanks,
Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruikshanks,
But, leaving her spindle-legged liege lord to roam,
Stayed behind, and sucked something better at home ;—
That it's quite as absurd
To say Edward the Third,
In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
For any Court-gossip, detraction or scandal,
As 'twould be to say,
That, at Court t'other day,
At the *fête* which the newspapers say was so gay,[1]
His great Representative then stole away
Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play ;—
That, as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail
By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
For cuffing a judge,
It's a regular fudge ;
And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
Was kicked out the moment he came to the throne.—
Then that Richard the Third was a "marvellous proper man"—
Never killed, injured, or wronged of a copper, man !
Ne'er wished to smother
The sons of his brother ;
Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
Of being squabashed, as in Shakespeare we've read,
Caught a bad influenza and died in his bed,

[1] On the 12th of May 1842 the Queen gave a fancy-dress ball, of unrivalled magnificence, in the Throne Room, Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty appeared as Queen Philippa, Consort of Edward III., and Prince Albert as Edward III. himself; the costumes of those in her Majesty's own circle belonging mostly to this era.

In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is
(The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's);[1]
—That, in short, all the "facts" in the *Decem Scriptores*,[2]
Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories.'

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France in,
Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing,
Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing
Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,
'Twill cause no surprise
If we find that his rise
Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing!
The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,
A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house
Well descended, but boasting less 'nobles' than *nous*;
Though e'en as to purse
He might have done worse,
For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is
Clear she had 'good gifts beside possibilities,'[3]
Owches and rings,
And such sort of things,
Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),
Jewelled stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,
Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and socks—
(Recondite apparel contained in her box).
Then the height of her breeding
And depth of her reading
Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading
Him on 'to propose,' well excuse the proceeding.

[1] Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, late Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, was at this time senior clerk of the office of Chancery Records, preserved in the Tower of London.

[2] The *Decem Scriptores Historiæ Anglicanæ*, edited by Sir Roger Twysden; London, folio, 1652.

[3] 'Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.'
SIR HUGH EVANS.

Truth to tell, as to 'reading,' the Lady was thought to do
More than she should, and know more than she ought to do.
Her maid, it was said,
Declared that she read
(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed;
And that often, o' nights,
Odd noises and sights
In her mistress's chamber had giv'n her sad frights,
After all in the mansion had put out their lights,
And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites
Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights!—
Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to 'collogue'—I
Don't much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I
've heard called by so many names—one of them's 'Bogy.'
Indeed 'twas conceived,
And by most folks believed,
—A thing at which all of her well-wishers grieved—
That, should she incline to play such a vagary,
Like sage Lady Branxholm, her contempo-rary
(Excuse the false quantity, reader, I pray),
She could turn a knight into a waggon of hay,
Or two nice little boys into puppies at play;
Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her
Power to turn 'Kit Hatton' into 'Sir Christopher.'
But what 'mighty magic' or strong 'conjuration,'
Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation
She used, I confess
I'm unable to guess;—
Much less to express
By what skill and address
She 'cut and contrived' with such signal success,
As we Londoners say, to 'inwiggle' Queen Bess,

Inasmuch as I lack heart
To study the Black Art.
Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done!

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour and rank,
Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank!
An old proverb says,
'Pudding still before praise!'
An adage well known, I've no doubt, in those days;
And George Colman, the Younger, in one of his plays,
Makes one of his characters loudly declare
That 'a Lord without money,'—I quote from his 'Heir-
At-Law'—'s but a poor wishy-washy affair!'—
In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
Strong proof the Dame entertained some such idea;
For, once in the palace,
We find Lady Alice
Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice,
In the way that the jocose, in
Our days, term 'hocussing.'
The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
But, whatever it was, she now doubled the dose!
(So true is the saying,
'We never can stay, in
Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us.')
She 'doctored' the Punch, and she 'doctored' the negus,
Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,
Till, at every fresh sip
That moistened her lip,
The Virgin Queen grew more attached to her Favourite.
'No end' now he commands
Of money and lands,

And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses,
'Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,'
Parks, manors, chases, She 'gives and she grants
To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts.'
Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,
And all other suitors are 'left in the basket';
Till Dudley and Rawleigh
Began to look squally,
While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,
Himself, 'shook his head,' and grew snappish and surly.
All this was fine sport,
As our authors report,
To Dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,
Where none than her Ladyship's husband looked bigger,
Who 'led the brawls'[1] still with the same grace and vigour,
Though losing a little in slimness and figure.
For eating and drinking all day of the best
Of viands well drest,
With 'Burgess's Zest,'
Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest;
And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
Had always been rather inclined to obesity;
—Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
With beefsteaks for breakfast and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say
How long matters might have gone on in this way,
If it had not unluckily happened one day
That NICK,—who, because
He'd the gout in his claws

[1] 'The grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.'—GRAY.

And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was,
And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,)—
All the night long had twisted and grinned,
His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
Which always compels him to hobble and limp,—
Was strongly advised by his Medical Imp
To lie by a little and give over work;
For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk
On the Guinea coast, helping to open a brave trade
In Niggers, with Hawkins[1] who founded the slave-
trade;
So he called for his ledger, the constant resource
Of your mercantile folk when they're 'not in full
force';
—If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
Or a touch of gout keeps them away from 'the BOURSE,'
They look over their books as a matter of course.
Now, scarce had Nick turned over one page or two,
Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
A Bill!—that had now been some days overdue,
From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe—a name
Which you'll recognise, Reader, at once as the same
With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
The signature—much more *prononcé* than pink,—
Seemed written in *blood*—but it might be red ink;
While the rest of the deed
He proceeded to read,
Like ev'ry 'bill, bond or acquittance,' whose date is
Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—'*Sciatis*
(Diaboli?) omnes ad quos hæc pervenient—'

[1] Sir John Hawkins, for 'his *worthye* attempts and services,' and because 'in the same he had dyvers conflights with the Moryans and slew and toke dyvers of the same Moryans,' received from Elizabeth an *honourable* augmentation to his coat armour, including, for his crest, '*A Demi-Moor sable, with two manacles on each arm, or.*'—T. I.

But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
And scorn to inflict on you half the 'Law-reading'
I picked up 'umquhile' in three days' special-pleading,
Which cost me—a theme I'll not pause to digress on—
Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson;[1]
'As I'm stout, I'll be merciful,' therefore, and, sparing
All these technicalities, end by declaring
The Deed so correct
As to make one suspect
(Were it possible any such person could go there)
Old Nick had a Special Attorney below there:
'Twas so framed and expressed no tribunal could shake it,
And firm as red wax and *black* ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye,
As Old Nick put it by,
It was clear he had made up his mind what to do
In respect to the course he should have to pursue,
When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe!!

No! although the Lord-Keeper held under the crown house
And land in the country—he'd never a town-house,
And, as we have seen,
His course always had been,
When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen;
So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,
He danced off to Court with his 'Humble Petition.'

'Please your Majesty's Grace,
I have not a place,

[1] Mr. Barham entered as a student the office of Mr. Joseph Chitty, the special pleader and author of *Chitty's Practice*. He paid the usual fee of one hundred pounds for a year's instruction. Three doses proved sufficient.

I can well put my head in, to dine, sup or sleep!
Your Grace's Lord-Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,
So I beg and entreat,
At your Majesty's feet,
That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
With as little delay
As your Majesty may,
Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord-Keeper's to stay—
And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray!'

The Queen, when she heard
This petition preferred,
Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word;—
'Odds Bobs, my good Lord!' was her gracious reply,
'I don't know, not I,
Any good reason why
A Lord-Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh,
To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply.
A House! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
Us before.—Yes!—of course!—Pray, whose House would you like?
When I *do* things of this kind I do them genteelly.
A House?—let me see!—there's the Bishop of Ely!
A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavies' Inn,—
Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
Which our Grandmother's Uncle tucked in like a pig,
King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
The day,—don't you know?—he cut Hastings' head off.
And mark me, proud Prelate!—I'm speaking to you,
Bishop Heaton!—you need not, my Lord, look so blue—

Give it up on the instant!—I don't mean to shock you,—
Or else by ——!—(The Bishop *was* shocked!)—I'll unfrock you!!'[1]

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group;
The Courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
Skips away with much glee in his best rigadoon!
While poor Bishop Heaton,
Who found himself beaten,
In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
Including the strawberry-beds 'twas so strong in.
Politely he bowed to the gratified minion,
And said, 'There can be, my good lord, in opinion
No difference betwixt yours

[1] In the first instance, Sir Christopher Hatton had been admitted tenant of Ely House at a yearly rent of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum—the Bishop of Ely, on whom this hard bargain was forced by the Queen, reserving to himself the right of walking in the gardens, and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. Hatton, pleased with the acquisition, next petitioned Queen Elizabeth to require the Bishop to alienate to him the whole house and grounds. On the Bishop's reminding her Majesty that he ought to be a steward, not a scatterer, and that he could scarcely justify those princes who transferred things intended for pious purposes to purposes less pious, he was favoured with the following extraordinary letter:—

'PROUD PRELATE!—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you.—Yours, as you demean yourself,
'ELIZABETH.'

No wonder the Bishop was shocked. However, further remonstrances were not to be thought of, and Ely Place, vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden, and orchard, were demised to the Crown, and by the Crown made over to Sir Christopher Hatton. See Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 173.

And mine as to fixtures,
And tables and chairs ;
We need no survey'rs—
Take them just as you find them, without reservation,
Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation ! '

Well ! the object is gained !
A good town-house obtained ;
The next thing to be thought of, is now
The ' house-warming ' party—the *when* and the *how ;*
The Court Ladies call,
One and all, great and small,
For an elegant ' Spread,' and more elegant Ball.
So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,
No sooner had finished his painting and papering
Than he sat down and wrote
A nice little pink note
To every great Lord, whom he knew, and his spouse,—
' From our poor place on Holborn Hill (late Ely House).
Lord-Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request
Lord So-and-So's (name, style, or title exprest)
Good company on
The next Eve of St. John,
Viz. Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,
To partake of pot-luck,
And taste a fat buck.
N.B.—Venison on table exactly at 3,
Quadrilles in the afternoon.
R. S. V. P.
For my good Lord of So-and-So these, and his wife ;
Ride ! ride ! for thy life ! for thy life ! for thy life ! '
Thus courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses
In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.
The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards

Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,
The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot Guards.

Well, the day for the rout
At length came about,
And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,
As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag with its pillion
(The mode of conveyance then used by 'the Million'),
All gallant and grand,
Defiled from the Strand,
Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter) Lane,
Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane,
Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane;
Some from Cheapside and St. Mary-le-Bow,
From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill[1] and Budge Row.
They come and they go,
Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,
Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewashed to Snow),
All eager to see the magnificent show,
And sport what some call 'a fantastical toe';
In silk and in satin,
To batten and fatten
Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets!—sound again!—
He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a
Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,
And so served out their Grand Armada:
With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,
In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

[1] Sir Francis Drake's house, 'The Arbour,' stood here.—T. I.

Room for my Lord!—proud Leicester's Earl
Retires awhile from courtly cares,
Who took his wife, poor hapless girl!
And pitched her neck and heels down stairs;
Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
If not her 'friend,' at least her 'pitcher.'

A flourish, trumpets! strike the drums!
Will Shakespeare, never of his pen sick,
Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
Renowned afar for curing men sick,—
Queen's Serjeant Barham[1] with his bums
And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic;
(He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
Life at the famous 'Black Assizes.')

Room! Room! for great Cecil!—place, place for his Dame!—
Room! Room! for Southampton—for Sidney, whose name
As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame
'Beats Banagher'—e'en now his praises we all sing 'em,
Knight, Poet, Gentleman!—Room for sage Walsingham!

Room for Lord Hunsdon!—for Sussex!—for Rawleigh!—
For INGOLDSBY!! Oh! it's enough to appal ye!
Dear me! how they call!
How they squall! how they bawl!
This dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—
My lord's got a tumble—my lady a fall!

[1] Called by Sir Richard Baker 'The famous Lawyer.'—*See his Chronicle.*—T. I.

Now a Hall! a Hall!
A Brawl! a Brawl!
Here's my Lord-Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall,
Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball!

Fiddlers! Fiddlers! fiddle away!
Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!
A roundelay!
Fiddle away!
Obey! obey!—hear what they all say!
'Hip!—Music!—Nosey!!—play up there!—play!'[1]
Never was anything half so gay
As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve!—Who cares for the clock?
Who cares for——Hark!—What a loud Single-knock!
Dear me! dear me!
Who can it be?—

[1] 'Play up, Nosey!' was the traditional invitation which elderly play-goers will remember to have been formerly addressed to the orchestra by 'the gods,' when it was their pleasure that the overture should commence. It owed its origin to the well-developed feature of Cervetto, a celebrated musician at Drury Lane Theatre, in the days of Garrick. Once during his performance he was struck by an apple thrown at him from the upper gallery. He immediately took steps to have the offender arrested and conveyed to Bow Street, where he was convicted and ordered into confinement. Cervetto, who was a very humane man, afterwards went to Sir John Fielding, solicited and obtained the man's discharge, paid his fees, and sent him away with some compensation for his loss of time. In a few months afterwards, while endeavouring to cross Oxford Street on horseback, he became involved in the crowd that accompanied the cart in which culprits were then conveyed to be executed at Tyburn. On turning his head to look at the unfortunate malefactor, he recognised the man who had assaulted him at the theatre, and the man, with a degree of levity which sent home poor Cervetto quite ill for the day, made a gesture, as well as his pinioned arms would allow, to show that he, too, recollected his old friend as 'Nosey.' Another time, a respectable-looking man took his station immediately behind Cervetto, and, while he was performing in the orchestra, whispered—'Nosey!' On a repetition of the affront, Cervetto turned round, and, with a smile, said, 'Sir, you seem to have mistaken your place; you should be there,' pointing to the gallery. The word 'Nosey,' as has been said, was till quite recent times called out in the gallery; though probably not one of those who bawled, and very few of those who heard the expression, had the least knowledge of him to whom it originally referred. (See *Records of My Life*, by John Taylor, vol. i. p. 252.)

Why, who can be coming at this time of night,
With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright?—
Affright?—yes, *affright!*—There are many who mock
At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
Yet quail at the sound of a vile 'Single-knock!'
Hark!—What can the Porter be thinking of?—What?
If the booby has not let him in I'll be shot!—
Dear me! how hot
The room's all at once got!—
And what rings through the roof?—
It's the sound of a *hoof!*—
It's some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot!
Stay!—the folding-doors open! the leaves are thrown back,
And in dances a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK!!

Gracious me what an *entrechat!* Oh, what a bound!
Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground!
Look there! look there!
Now he's up in the air!
Now he's here!—now he's there—now he's no one know's where!—
See! see!—he's kicked over a table and chair!
There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers and sweet herbs,
Turned o'er and o'er,
Down on the floor;
Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs
All the 'Keen's Seedlings' and 'Wilmot's Superbs!'
There's a *pirouette!*—We're
All a great deal too near!
A ring!—give him room or he'll 'shin' you—stand clear!

There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear!
His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!
Now he's down again!—look at the *congées* and bows
And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,
Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!
Come, now we shall view
A grand *pas de deux*
Performed in the very first style by these two.
—But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff!
He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
Back her own—See!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she 'screamed such a scream!'
Such another, I deem,
As long after, Miss Mary Brown[1] screamed in her dream.
Well she might; for 'twas shrewdly remarked by her Page,
A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,
Who was standing close by
When she uttered her cry,
That the whole of her arm shrivelled up and grew dry,
While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got
In his clutches became on the instant RED-HOT!!

Now he whirls and he twirls
Through the girls in their curls,

[1] *Vide* the celebrated ballad of 'Giles Scroggins.'—*Catnach's ed. 7 Dials, Lond.* 1841.—T. I.

The Housewarming

London Richard Bentley & Son 1894

And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds and pearls;
Now high,—now low,—
Now fast and now slow,
In terrible circumgyration they go—
The flame-coloured Belle and her coffee-faced Beau.
Up they go once! and up they go twice!—
Round the hall!—round the hall!—and now up they go thrice!
Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown!
Now again they go UP!—and they NEVER COME DOWN!!!

. . . . . .

The thunder roars!
And the rain it pours!
And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors!
Then more calling, and bawling,
And squalling, and falling,—
Oh! what a fearful 'stramash' they are all in!
Out they all sally,
The whole *corps de ballet*—
Some dash down Holborn Hill into the valley,
Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley;
Some t'other way, with a speed quite amazing,
Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray's Inn.
In every sense of the word, such a *rout* of it
Never was made in London or out of it!

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been;
The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
Was all blackened and scorched, and looked dirty and mean.
All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen!

While those who looked up could perceive in the roof
One very large hole, in the shape of a *hoof!*

Of poor Lady Hatton, it's needless to say,
No traces have ever been found to this day,
Or the terrible dancer who whisked her away;
But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN HEART!
And sundry large stains
Of blood and of brains,
Which had not been washed off notwithstanding the rains,
Appeared on the wood, and the handle, and chains,
As if somebody's head with a very hard thump,
Had been recently knocked on the top of the pump.
That pump is no more!—that of which you've just read,—
But they've put a new iron one up in its stead;
And still, it is said,
At that 'small hour' so dread,
When all sober people are cozy in bed,
There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
Standing close by the new pump, a Lady in White,
Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
And hence many passengers now are debarred
From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding Heart Yard!

MORAL

Fair ladies, attend!
And, if you've a 'friend
At Court,' don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!
Don't meddle with negus, or any mixed liquor!

Don't dabble in 'Magic!' My story has shown,
How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint,
Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print.
All Conjuring's bad! They may get in a scrape,
Before they're aware; and, whatever its shape,
They may find it no easy affair to escape.
It's not everybody that comes off so well
From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mr. Brunel.[1]

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high!
Depend on't the fault's in
Your method of waltzing,
If ever you kick out the candles—Don't try;

[1] A curious, and what for some time threatened to prove a fatal, accident occurred to Mr. Brunel, the great engineer, in the year 1843. He was showing some conjuring trick to one of his children, in the course of which he placed a half-sovereign in his mouth. The coin slipped down his throat, and remained fixed in the trachea. The town was thrown into a fever of excitement, and daily bulletins were issued to the effect that one by one the means employed for its removal had failed, and that death appeared imminent. All sorts of suggestions were offered in the papers, and at length, as a last chance, the patient was placed in a machine of his own contrivance, with his head on the floor and his heels in the air, and in that position subjected to the treatment—fortunately with a happier result—described in Colman's poem:—

—'We *shook* him once.'
'Shook him! How?'—Bolus stammered out:—
'We jolted him about.'

'Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do.'
'No, Sir—and so we gave him *two*.'
'Two shakes! Od's curse—
'Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?'—

Then out rolled the half-sovereign, and there was an end of the matter! The case was considered a very remarkable one, and a paper on the subject was contributed by Sir Benjamin Brodie to the *Medical Gazette*, July 7, 1843.

As for the half-sovereign, it was deposited in the museum of St. George's Hospital, where it may be seen, together with a plan of the apparatus employed in its removal.

At a ball or a play,
Or any *soirée*,
When a *petit souper* constitutes the '*Après*,'
If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
Take care of your HEAD!—and take care of your HEART!

If you want a new house
For yourself and your spouse,
Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it!
Don't be so green as to go to Old Nick for it!
Go to George Robins—he'll find you a 'perch'
(*Dulce domum*'s his word) without robbing the Church!

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
Is, 'Don't go of a night into Bleeding Heart Yard';
It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,[1]
With queer people about, and, unless you take care,
You may find, when your pocket's cleaned out and left bare,
That the *iron* one is not the *only* 'PUMP' there!

[1] Bleeding Heart Yard is accurately described as 'a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square.' It is situated at the back of Ely Place, on the very edge of Saffron Hill, from which it is separated by a row of dingy houses, 'the poor remains' of that once notorious haunt of thieves, etc., the rest of which has been swept away to make room for the Farringdon Street improvements. The iron pump still remains, but as for a Lady in *White* in Bleeding Heart Yard, *pace* Thos. Ingoldsby, the idea is a little preposterous.

NOTE

THE HOUSE-WARMING.—The following account of 'The House-Warming' is given by the author himself in a letter addressed to a gentleman named Mackenzie, who had published a version, whether in prose or verse does not appear, of the same story:—

'*July* 25, 1843.

'MY DEAR SIR—The story of Alice Fanshawe, wife to Sir C. Hatton, having had her heart torn out by the Devil, is a very old tradition, and noticed, I believe, in some of the family genealogies. I heard or read it when I was a boy at school; and it was recalled to my recollection by Mr. Mackay's work on *Popular Delusions*, in the second volume of which, page 315, you will find it alluded to at some considerable length by that gentleman, who also states that twelve or thirteen years ago he himself resided in the house in which the catastrophe took place, etc.

'Yours very faithfully,

'THOS. INGOLDSBY.'

JERRY JARVIS'S WIG

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT

'The wig's the thing! the wig! the wig!'—*Old Song.*

'JOE,' said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—'Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!'

'Yes, sir,' quoth Joseph, pausing, and resting upon his spade, 'it's as hot a day as ever I *see;* but the celery must be got in, or there'll be no autumn crop, and——'

'Well, but Joe, the sun's so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You'll have a *coup de soleil*, Joe.'

'A *what*, sir?'

'No matter; it's very hot working; and if you'll step indoors, I'll give you——'

'Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable.'

Joe's countenance brightened amazingly.

'Joe, I'll give you—my old wig!'

The countenance of Joseph fell; his grey eye had glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, 'A wig, sir!'

'Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the

comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig.'

'I hope, sir, you'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it *is* very hot, and——'

'Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you.'

'Heaven bless your honour!' said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the highroad.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed 'everlasting.' Alack! alack! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet? In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

'Those days are gone, Floranthe!'

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and, with a steadiness of circumgyration to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears and settled himself into it.

'Confound your old jacket!' cried a voice from the other side of the hedge; 'keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?'

'Sensible beast!' apostrophized Joseph; 'I've been frightened at it myself every day for the last two years!'

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back kitchen.

'Joe,' said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty,—'Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig.'

'And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?' said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture; 'and the beer, ma'am?'

'The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?'

'Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and——'

'Go to the pump, sot!' said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was 'of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion,' and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the 'Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society.'

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye,—his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the colour of overbaked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a 'brown George.' The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—the glorious relics of a bygone day,—crowning the cerebellum of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize: but Mr. Jarvis's

wig had one peculiarity ; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail !—'cribbed and confined,' indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again ; he shook his bald head ; the wig had certainly seen its best days ; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was 'like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,'—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing !

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by Act of Parliament ; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of 'attorney-at-law,' are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term 'solicitation.' 'If you don't pay my bill and costs, I'll send you to jail,' is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from the Latin infinitive '*solicitare*,' to 'make anxious' :—in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jarvis a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the 'Weald.' He was rich, of course. The best house in a country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient ; but then, he was so *very* rich ; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy ; that he was a sort of

general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore ; was clerk to half the 'trusts,' and treasurer to most of the 'rates,' 'funds,' and 'subscriptions,' in that part of the country ; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall ; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property,—which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, 'at an equitable valuation.' Still his possessions were so considerable as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation ; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That 'old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil' was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore ;—on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy 'Solicitor' next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic ; he is not the only person who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed ; but, truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of

vigour nor perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and, drooping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden 'Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus' are undecided; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin; and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics and discomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced 'a slight and tickling sensation,' such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy long-legs were whispering in his tympanum—a small *voice* seemed to say, 'Joe! —take an apple, Joe!!'

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incarnadine. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little

tortuous tail had worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery-bed.

Alack! alack! 'what a piece of work is man!'—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the 'kitchen garden.' Its northern extremity abutted on the hedge before-mentioned; its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so!—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burden into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—'He's taking snuff, Joe,' whispered the same small *voice;*—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. 'He is sneezing!—now, Joe!—now!' And ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

'He! he! he!' shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that in one hand and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

. . . . . .

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was

stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge, and he awoke in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodges's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

'Why, Joe, what ails thee, man?' cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford; 'what be the matter with thee? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe?'

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer; his eye fell upon the bed. 'How the devil came *that* here?' quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil; 'who put that thing on my pillow?'

'Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould night-cap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowld, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head.'

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it!

> 'The dawn was overcast, the morning lowered
> And heavily in clouds brought on the day,'

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours. A sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows;—his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. 'Pooh, pooh! 'twas but an apple, after all!' said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations; like fairy gold

seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which in shape resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy; huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent; the fresh-turned earth was itself fragrant as a bouquet.—Joseph worked on —and, when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his party-coloured jacket and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. 'Twas but an apple, after all! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed!'—

'An apple-pie!'—the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head; her voice, generally small and low,—'an excellent thing in woman,'—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The '*cussed ould twoad* of a cat' had got into the dairy, and licked off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning! And there she now lay, purring as in scorn. Tib, heretofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least '*scaddle*' of the feline race,—a

cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her ;—yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis's old wig ! !

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded ;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz. Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress —it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous 'dowse.' Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring ; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs, as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks !—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and—was seen no more.

'The Devil's in the cat!' was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—Joe Washford's life became a burden to him ; his natural upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy ; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more ; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls 'Taste,' still less of Science:—Ackerman would have called him a 'Snob,' and Buckland a 'Nincompoop.' Of the Horticultural Society, its *fêtes*, its fruits and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers —save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a connoisseur; —to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madam Witherspoon had long been dedicated; but as for a bouquet!—Hardham's 37 was 'the only one fit for a gentleman's nose.' And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant; Jerry drew the settlements; the lady paid him by a cheque on 'Child's,' the gentleman by a present of a 'box of roots.' Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour Jenkinson; he *was* a man of 'Taste' and of 'Science'; he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the vicar, implied, 'Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emetico-Botanical Society,' and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's[1] album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of 'neighbour Jarvis's' tulips: there were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the 'cups' so well formed,— the colours so defined. To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then 'Enough,' says the philosopher, 'always means a little more than a man has got.'—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener, was incorruptible:—ay, but the Wig?,

[1] An allusion to a certain Mr. Frost, Director of a Medico-Botanical Society, whose custom it was, some forty years ago, to obtain autographs for his album from all the distinguished persons to whom he could get access, under the plea of their having been elected members of his Society.

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun ; his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

'Why, where's your wig, Joseph?' said the voice of his master from the well-known window ; 'what have you done with your wig?' The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore ; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant ; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—'Hark ye, Joseph Washford,' said he, 'either wear my wig or let me have it again!'

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones ; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

'Friendship unreturned,
And unrequited Love.'

Washford's heart smote him ; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. 'It's here, your Honour,' said he ; 'I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower ; but the sky is brightening now.' The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

'Joe Washford!' said neighbour Jenkinson.

'Sir, to you,' was the reply.

'How beautifully your tulips look after the rain!'

'Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers,' returned the gardener.

'Indeed! Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?'

'Why, no!—I don't think master would like to *give*

them,—or anything else,—away, sir';—and Washford scratched his ear.

'Joe!!'—said Mr. Jenkinson—'Joe!!'

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—'Joe!!!'—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its 'poor, poor dumb mouth' spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window!

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted at daybreak next morning a splendid *Semper Augustus*, 'which was not so before,' and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of 'civilization,' from 'The Three Jolly Potboys.'

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

. . . . . .

'*Facilis descensus Averni!*' says Virgil. 'It is only the first step that is attended with any difficulty,' says—somebody else,—when speaking of the decollated martyr St. Denis's walk with his head under his arm. 'The First Step!'—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen 'to the wash':—one of Madam Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

'Lost?—impossible! How *could* it be lost?—where *could* it be gone to?—who *could* have got it? It was her best—her *very* best!—she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible!—She would *see!*'—Alas! she never *did* see—the *chemise*—*abiit, erupit, evasit!*—it was

'Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!'

—but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting. Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting-House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed; —but other people missed—one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his great-coat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book,—a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed—but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless—all save that restless, troublesome, fidgety little Pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew. After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away,—autumn came and went,—and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it 'comes but *once* a-year,' was at hand. It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone Hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Moneypenny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a 'remarkably fine child,' and was now hurrying home, in the sweet hope of a comfortable 'snooze' for a couple of hours before the announce-

ment of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with

a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught

and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a 'Suffolk Punch,' brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

'Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!' half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian. If ever steed said in its heart, 'I'll be shot if I do!' it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious 'Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice,' tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is when *he* wishes to go one way and his horse is determined to go another. There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it 'splits the difference,' scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced; they had fairly joined issue. 'Budge!' quoth the doctor.—'Budge not!' quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Moneypenny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged and reared, and kicked; and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain. But your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is

one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor 'all to sticks,' and, when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneypenny got off, and muttering curses *both* 'loud' *and* 'deep' between his chattering teeth, 'progressed,' as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas compotation, seemed to have selected for his 'thrice-driven bed of down' the thickest clump of the tallest and most imposing nettles, thereon to dose away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, 'What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!'—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—'Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!'—But the 'scoundrel' and 'drunken rascal' answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

SANDEMAN
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The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen 'slouching' up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

'Come here, Jack,' quoth the doctor,—'come here, boy; lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away.'

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that 'dreamless sleep that knows no waking'; his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Moneypenny practise his own constant precept, 'To be well shaken!' —there lay before him the lifeless body of a MURDERED MAN!

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprung up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood showed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle: but, as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased

were turned out and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

'But what have we here?' quoth Doctor Moneypenny; 'what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?'

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—IT WAS AN OLD WIG!!

. . . . . .

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port court-house may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled 'interstices, reticulated, and decussated between intersections' of lath and plaster. Its less euphonious designation in the 'Weald' is a 'noggin.' One-half the basement story is usually of the more solid material; the other, open to the street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place; while, in its centre, flanking the broad staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep' off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess, in a most undignified position,—an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *détenu*, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age, with a very bald pate, save

where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput, held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur.*

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when 'a score of ewes' had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early in the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly; and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed? —The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of —Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of 'The Lath of Scraye.' He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG,—his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's

shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets, —Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—'the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft!'

For their humane administration of the laws the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of larceny, 'We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!' Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry as to 'how he would be tried?' substituted for the usual reply, 'By God and my country,' that of 'By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury.' Here it was—but enough—not even a Dymchurch jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i.e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face.[1] The very pigtail alone—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *suadente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house

[1] A story used to be current in 'The Marsh' that a culprit having been condemned to death for sheep-stealing,—he had been convicted as matter of course, for though a 'Marsh' jury would stand pretty well anything, they would not stand that,—considerable difficulty arose about providing a gallows. There was no such thing in the neighbourhood. A new one would cost nobody could guess how much; and the free and enlightened jurors emphatically declared that they would have seen the rascal at the—Antipodes before they would have found him guilty, if they had thought there was a chance of their being put to the expense of hanging him. Former judges had been content, on a recommendation to mercy, with a sentence of transportation for life: the present one was inflexible. What was to be done?—anything but execution. At length the town-clerk observed that they had, he thought, better leave the difficulty in his hands. It was agreed to do so; and, accordingly, in the course of the evening that astute functionary paid a visit to the originator of all this inconvenience, and, after enlarging, doubtless, on the enormity of his offence, called his attention to the state of the prison window.—'Not so secure as it might be, eh? we must have it looked to *to-morrow*.' Curiously enough, when on the morrow the jailer opened the door, the cell was found empty, the window open, and the prisoner nowhere! As for 'the difficulty,' *solvitur ambulando* said the town-clerk.

would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquhile chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite 'flabbergasted' the jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried—Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney.

'*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!*'

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a 'Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is murder!'

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful: nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby 'had heard' that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Faversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the 'Great Storm' which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went

to his 'long home,'—wherever that may happen to be, and the whole of 'The Marsh' appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze,—and seeming to 'ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm!'

THE TRUANTS

THREE little Demons have broken loose
From the National School below!
They are resolved to play truant to-day:
Their primer and slate they have cast away,
And away, and away they go!
'Hey boys! hey boys! up go we!
Who so merry as we three?'

The reek of that most infernal pit
Where sinful souls are stewing
Rises so black, that, in viewing it,
A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise,
As its murky columns met your eyes,
'Pray is Old Nick a-brewing?'
Thither these three little Devils repair,
And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star
That happened to come within hail.
Oh swiftly they glide!
As they merrily ride
All a cock-stride
Of that Comet's tail.
Oh, the pranks! Oh, the pranks!
The merry pranks, the mad pranks,

These wicked urchins play!
They kissed the *Virgin* and filled her with dread,
They popped the *Scorpion* into her bed;
They broke the pitcher of poor *Aquarius*,
They stole the arrows of *Sagittarius*,
And they skimmed the *Milky Way;*
They filled the *Scales* with sulphur full,
They halloed the *Dog-star* on at the *Bull*,
And pleased themselves with the noise;
They set the *Lion*
On poor *Orion;*
They shaved all the hair
Off the *Lesser Bear;*
They kicked the shins
Of the *Gemini Twins*—
Those heavenly Siamese Boys!—
Never was such confusion and wrack,
As they produced in the Zodiac!

'Huzza! Huzza!
Away! Away!
Let us go down to the earth and play!
Now we go up, up, up,
Now we go down, down, down,
Now we go backwards and forwards,
Now we go round, round, round!'
Thus they gambol, and scramble and tear,
Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devilets called?
These three little Fiends so gay?
One was *Cob!*
Another was *Mob!*
The last and the least was young *Chittabob!*
Queer little Devils were they!

Cob was the strongest,
Mob was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!
Three more frolicsome Imps, I ween,
Beëlzebub's self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,
Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,
Rocky Island, barren Strand,
Over Ocean, over Land;
With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,
Heels over head and head over heels;
With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,
Down they drop at the gate of the Tuileries.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,
While Charley *le Roi* was bolting eggs:
'*Mob*,' says *Cob*,
'*Chittabob*,' says *Mob*,
'Come here, you young Devil, we're in for a job!'
Up jumps *Cob* to the Monarch's ear,—
'Charley, my jolly boy, never fear;
If you mind all their jaw
About Charter and Law,
You might just as well still be the *Count d'Artois!*
No such thing!
Show 'em you're King,
Tip 'em an Ordinance,[1] that's the thing!'
Charley dined,
Took his pen and signed;
Then *Mob* kicked over his throne from behind!
'Huzza! Huzza! we may scamper now!
For here we have kicked up a jolly good row!'

[1] An allusion to the issuing of the famous *ordonnances* of July 1830, which proved the immediate cause of the revolutionary outbreak.

'Over the water and over the Sea,
And over the water with Charlie';
Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,
Not pausing to *chaff* or to parley,
Over, over,
On to Dover;
On fun intent,
All through Kent
These mischievous Devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
Frowning cliff and smiling vale,
Down to the foot of Westminster-bridge.
'Hollo,' says *Cob*,
'There's the Duke and Sir Bob!
After 'em *Chittabob*, after 'em *Mob*.'
Mob flung gravel and *Chittabob* pebbles,
His Grace c——'d them both for a couple of rebels:
His feelings were hurt,
By the stones and the dirt:—
In went he,
In an ecstasy,
And *blew up* the nobles of high degree.[1]

'Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume,
May fret and may fume—
And so may all you whom I see in this room:
Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm—
I'll see you all—*blessed*—ere I give you Reform!'
'Bravo!' says *Chittabob*, 'that's your sort!
Come along, schoolfellows, here's more sport:

[1] It was on the 2nd of November 1830, on the opening of the Session, that the Duke of Wellington, irritated by the violence of the mob, made the intemperate speech alluded to. He resigned on the 15th of the same month.

Look there! look there!
There's the great Lord May'r!
With the gravest of Deputies close to his chair;
With Hobler, his Clerk!
Just the thing for a lark;
Huzza! huzza! boys, follow me now;
Here we may kick up another good row.'
Here they are,
Swift as a star,
They shoot in mid air over Temple Bar!
Zach. Macaulay[1] beheld the flight
Of these three little dusky sons of night,
And his heart swelled with joy and elation—
'Oh, see!' quoth he,
'Those *Niggerlings* three,
Who have just got *emancipation!*'

Lord Key[2] took fright:
At the very first sight,
The whole Court of Aldermen wheeled to the right;
Some ran from *Chittabob*—more from *Mob*,
The great *locum tenens*[3] jumped up upon *Cob*,
Who roared and ran,
With the Alderman,
To the Home Office, pick-a-back—catch 'em who can!
'Stay at home—here's a plot,
And I can't tell you what;
If you don't I'll be shot
But you'll all go to pot.'
Ah, little he weened, while the ground he thus ran over,
'Twas a *Cob* he bestrode—not his white horse from Hanover.

[1] Zachary Macaulay, one of the most strenuous labourers of the company who toiled so hard for the abolition of slavery—the friend of Wilberforce and Simeon.

[2] Sir John Key, Lord Mayor.

[3] Sir Claudius Hunter, Colonel of the City Militia.

Back they came galloping through the Strand,
When Joseph Lancaster,[1] stick in hand,
Popped up his head before 'em.
Well we know,
That honest old Joe
Is a sort of High Master down below,
And teaches the Imps decorum.
Satan had started him off in a crack,
To flog these three little runaways back.

Fear each assails;
Every one quails;
'Oh dear! how he'll tickle our little black tails!
Have done, have done,
Here's that 'son of a gun,'
Old Joe, come after us,—run, boys, run!'
Off ran *Cob*,
Off ran *Mob*,
And off in a fright ran young *Chittabob*.
Joe caught *Chittabob* just by the tail,
And *Cob* by his crumpled horn;
Bitterly then did these Imps bewail
That ever they were born!
Mob got away,
But none to this day
Know exactly whither he went;
Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars Bridge,
And some say he's down in Kent.
But, where'er he may roam,
He has not ventured home,
Since the day the three took wing;
And many suppose,
He has changed his clothes,
And now goes by the name of '*Swing!*'

[1] The inventor of the method of mutual instruction in schools before Dr. Bell, though the system is usually named after the latter.

THE POPLAR

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved *her* initials, though not very lately,—
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana;
Our heart's empress then: see, 'tis grown all askew:
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D, too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her loved patronymic—ah! can it be so?
Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing;
A D?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should frown;
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down!

DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT[1]

'——Modo sumptâ veste virili.'—HORACE.

ZOOKS! I must woo the Muse to-day,
Though line before I'd never wrote:
Ask you what theme demands the lay?—
OUR DICK HAS GOT A LONG-TAILED COAT!!

Not the coatee which soldiers wear,
Tight buttoned up beneath the throat,
But easy,—flowing,—*débonnaire*;—
In short, a *civil* Long-tailed Coat!

One smarter you'll not find in town,
Cut by Nugee, that Snip of note;—
A very quiet olive-brown
's the colour of Dick's Long-tailed Coat!

Gay jackets clothe the stately Pole,
The proud Hungarian and the Croat,
Yet Esterhazy, on the whole,
Looks smartest in a Long-tailed Coat.

Lord Byron most admired, we know,
The Albanian dress, or Suliote;

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1831; and subsequently, in the present revised form, in *My Cousin Nicholas*.

But he lived much abroad, and so
He never saw Dick's Long-tailed Coat;

Or else that noble Poet's theme
Had never been the 'White Capote,'
Had he once viewed, in Fancy's dream,
The glories of Dick's Long-tailed Coat.

We also know on Highland kilt
Poor dear Glengarry[1] used to dote,
And had esteemed it actual guilt
I' the 'Gael' to wear a Long-tailed Coat.

And well it might his eyes annoy;
Monkbarns himself could never quote
'Sir Robert Sibbald,' 'Gordon,' 'Roy,'
Or 'Stukely,' for a Long-tailed Coat:

But though the fleet red-deer to chase,
Or guide o'er Highland loch the boat,
A jacket's well enough—for grace
There's nothing like Dick's Long-tailed Coat.

Of course in climbing up a tree,
On *terra firma*, or afloat
To mount the giddy topmast, he
Would doff awhile his Long-tailed Coat.

Then whence that supercilious sneer?—
From out your own eye pull the mote
Fastidious Critic!—did *you* ne'er
In youth admire *your* Long-tailed Coat?

[1] Macdonnell of Glengarry, popularly called 'the last of the chiefs,' from his adherence to the old state and costume.

Oh, 'Dick's scarce old enough,' you mean?
Why, though too young to have a vote,
Or make a will, yet sure Fifteen
's a ripe age for a Long-tailed Coat!

What!—would you have him sport a chin
Like Colonel Sibthorp, or a goat,
Before you think he should begin
To figure in a Long-tailed Coat?

Suppose he visits France—can he
Sit down at any *table-d'hôte*
With any sort of decency,
Unless he's got a Long-tailed Coat?

E'en Louis Philippe, Royal Cit,
There soon may be a *sans-culotte*,
And Nugent's self must then admit
The advantage of a Long-tailed Coat.

Things are not now as when, of yore,
In tower encircled by a moat,
Each lion-hearted chieftain wore
A corselet—not a Long-tailed Coat.

Chain-mail his portly form embraced,
Not like a weazel or a stoat,
'Cribbed and confined' about the waist,
And pinched in like Dick's Long-tailed Coat.

With beaming spear or biting axe
To right and left he thrust and smote.
Ah! what a change! no sinewy thwacks
Fall from a modern Long-tailed Coat!

To stalwart knights a puny race
Succeeds,—with locks *en papillote* ;—
While cuirass, cuisses, greaves, give place
To silk-net '*Tights*' and Long-tailed Coat!

Worse changes still! now, well-a-day!
A few cant phrases, learnt by rote,
Each beardless booby spouts away,
A Solon in a Long-tailed Coat,—

Prates of the 'March of Intellect'—
The 'Schoolmaster'—a *Patriote*
So noble who could e'er suspect
Had just put on his Long-tailed Coat!

Alack! alack! that every thick-
skulled lad must find an antidote
For England's woes, because, like Dick,
He has put on a Long-tailed Coat!—

But, lo! my rhymes begin to fail,
Nor dare I longer time devote!
Thus Rhyme and Time cut off the tale
—The long tale—of DICK'S LONG-TAILED COAT!!

NOTE

'*And Nugent's self must then admit*
The advantage of a Long-tailed Coat.'—P. 192.

LORD NUGENT'S figure was a remarkable one. On his displaying it at a certain masquerade at Corfu, in the simple *ephippia* of a white horse, the general opinion, expressed in pretty strong terms, was, that a long-tailed coat would have been a more decorous costume—at all events for the representative of Majesty. But Lord Nugent

from a boy had been celebrated for his eccentricities. The opening of Hampden's coffin at his desire can hardly, perhaps, be given as an instance, but it suggested to Mr. Barham the following *jeu d'esprit*, which unfortunately he laid aside unfinished :—

CHILDE NUGENT

Childe Nugent stands by the dead man's grave,
With a picke axe and a spade,
For he longs to view a patriot true,
And to find out of what he is made.

He hath been easte and he hath been weste—
He hath roamed farre and wide—
He hath traversed the lande of fayre Englande,
And Portingale eke besyde.

He hath been northe and he hath been southe,
A patriot for to fynde,
Bote never yet mote Childe Nugent get
A patriot to hys mynde.

Soe now he stands by the dead man's grave,
With hys spade and hys picke axe ;
Was never a resurrection-man
Dyd give more lustie thwacks.

Childe Nugent delved with ryght gode wille,
And dygged with might and maine ;
Was never a Byschope and never a Burke
Colde sooner a styffe one gayne.

He hath dygged easte, he hath dygged weste,
He hath dygged both northe and southe,
And he cometh at last to the dead man's skull,
With hys thigh bones crossed in hys mouthe.

Childe Nugent hath read a Runic rhyme,
In a voice both loud and dread ;
I wis a tale of Portingale,
That well mote awaken the dead.

'Now awake and arise, John Hampden;
Awake and arise, I praye!
Though I stand here a living man,
And thou art a lump of clay.

'Awake and say, John Hampden,
How I may a patriot be;
For never I ween was a patriot seen,
An' thou, John, wert not he!'

The dead man opened hys chapless jaws,
And groaned three eldritch groans,
As from out of hys mouthe, to the northe and the southe,
He spat out hys own thigh bones.

With fear and amaze did Childe Nugent gaze;
Ne wonder that he dydde;
For never, I ween, did mortal eyne,
Spie such an unearthly quidde!

The dead man grinned a ghastly grin,
And he laughed loud laughters three;
'Now lithe and listen, thou venturesome wight,
That wouldest a patriot be.'

. . . . . .

'Repairs going on in the church [of Great Hampden] at the time, search was made there for the body of Hampden, and, as the persons understood, at the instance of Lord Nugent. Several coffins were inspected, but not opened, because either the date did not agree with Hampden's death, or the inscription bore a different name; but one coffin was at length found which had neither date nor inscription, and this was opened, although from its form it appears to have been older than his time. Mr. Norris, a surgeon of Risborough, examined the body, which was that of a very lusty man; the head covered with rich auburn hair, reaching beneath the shoulders. It was 'n high preservation, except that one arm had crumbled off, owing to the action of the air, which had made its way to that part through a crack in the coffin, but there had been no amputation or operation of any kind.'—T. I.

MY LETTERS[1]

'Litera scripta manet.'—OLD SAW.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there's no appearance;
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here, at least, I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er 'on such a day as this,'
Would Dido with her woes oppressèd,
Have wooed Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have stayed at home, like me,
And popped their toes upon the fender,
And drunk a quiet cup of tea:—
On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table;
Bring that Portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able!

First here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
'A Ball!'—she knows that I'm no dancer—
That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1831.

'DEAR JACK,—
Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,
HENRY GIBBS.'
Why Z——ds!
I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my Cousin, Sophy Daw—
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses;
'The Cat has kittened in "the *draw*,"
And ruined two brand-new silk dresses.'

From Sam,[1] 'The Chancellor's motto,'——nay
Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
'Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,'—Ay,
'For King read Mob!' Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—'At two'—
'Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir';
Two more because I did not go,
Beginning, 'Wretch' and 'Faithless Monster!'

'DEAR SIR,—
This morning Mrs. P——
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me, at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby.

'We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand'—five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd called it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames and drowned it.

[1] Samuel Rogers. It was the fashion to credit the poet, who was said to hate punning, with all the bad jokes of the day. Theodore Hook set the example in the *John Bull*.

What have we next? A civil Dun:
'John Brown would take it as a favour'—
Another, and a surlier one,
'I can't put up with *sich* behaviour.'

'Bill so long standing,'—'quite tired out,'—
'Must sit down to insist on payment,'
'Called ten times,'—Here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer,[1] and in-
form Mr. Snip he needn't 'call' so;
But when his bill's as 'tired of standing'
As he is, beg 'twill 'sit down also.'

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present;
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid, Molly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle;
Another from that precious fool,
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

'D'ye give it up?' indeed I do!
Confound these antiquated minxes;
I won't play '*Billy Black*' to a '*Blue*,'
Or Œdipus to such old Sphinxes.

[1] This answer was said to have been given by Lord George Grenville, afterwards Lord Nugent (see note, p. 193), to an Oxford tradesman who had for once found his customer's—I beg pardon, his client's—oak not sported. 'That bill has been standing a couple of years,' said the man, taking a chair; 'so down here I sit till it is paid.' 'By all means,' replied his Lordship, 'and when your bill is as tired of standing as you are, I beg it will sit down too.'

A note sent up from Kent to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King;
'I'll burn them precious stacks down, blow me!
Yours most sincerely,
CAPTAIN SWING.'

Four begging letters with petitions,—
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I'll 'execute a few commissions'
In Bond Street, 'when I go that way,'

'And buy at Pearsal's in the City
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses;
Colour no matter, so it's pretty;—
Two hundred pens'—two hundred curses!

From Mistress Jones: 'My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you just step to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?

'And then, perhaps, you will as well, see
The poor dear fellow safe to school,
At Dr. Smith's in Little Chelsea!'—
Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: 'Dear Sir, you know
You promised me last week a Rebus;
A something smart and *apropos*
For my new Album?'—Aid me, Phœbus!—

'My first is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckoned,
And sadly shocked my first would be.

'Were I but what my whole implies,
And passed by chance across your portal:
You'd cry "Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal!"

'For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon;
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on.'

Come, that's dispatched—what follows?—Stay;
'Reform demanded by the nation;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail!'—Ay,
By Jove a blessed *Reformation!*

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose—
Or no! the filly—she's the fleeter;
The devil take the rain—here goes—
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter!

THE COUNTRY SEAT[1]

O SUMMER HILL! if thou wert mine
I'd order in a pipe of wine,
And ask a dozen friends to dine!
In faith I would not spare the guineas,
But send for Pag[2]—and other—ninis,
Flutes, hautboys, fiddles, pipes and tabors,
Hussars with moustaches and sabres,
Quadrilles, and that grand waltz of Weber's,
And give a dance to all my neighbours;
And here I'd sit and quaff my fill
Among the trees of Summer Hill.
Then with pleased eye, careering slowly
O'er beech-crowned ridge and valley lowly,
We'd drain a cup to thee, old Rowley!—
To thee, and to thy courtly train,
Once tenants of this fair domain,
Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine,
Pert Nelly Gwynne, gay Molly Davis,[3]
And many another *Rara Avis*.

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November 1833.

[2] Paganini, the celebrated violinist, who at this time was creating a great sensation in the metropolis by his marvellous performances.

[3] Originally—

'Pert Nelly Gwynne and Lucy Waters,
Old England's fairest, frailest daughters.'

E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade,
Methinks I see thy royal shade
In amplitude of wig arrayed.
Near thee, thy rival in peruke,
Stands Buckingham's uproarious Duke,
With Tory Hamilton and Killegrew,
And Rochester, that rake till ill he grew;
When, to amend his life and turn it,
He firmly promised Dr. Burnet,—
In time, let's hope, to make Old Nicholas,
Still watching for our sins to tickle us,
Lose all his pains and look ridiculous.
With visage rather grave than merry,
See, too, thy noble host Muskerry
Leads forth,—to crown and end the stanza,—
Thy consort, Catharine of Braganza.

Oh, Alexander! loftier far
Now culminates thy natal star,
Than his of old, mine ancient crony,
Thy namesake, erst of Macedony
(Unrivalled,—save, perhaps, by Boney).
Oh, happier far, in thy degree,
Art thou, although a conqueror He,
Whilst thou art but an Ex-M.P.
Oh, happier far! propitious Fate,
Making thee lord of this estate,
Dubbed *thee* in verity 'The Great';
Yea, far more blest, my Alexander,
Art thou than that renowned commander!

Thou ne'er wast led through wanton revelling
These silvan scenes to play the devil in;
And I, for one, shouldst thou invite us,
Would never dread the fate of Clytus;

For midst these shades, so loved by Grammont,
Thou never yet thy friends did gammon
By calling of thyself 'Young Ammon.'

No frolic dame of easy virtue,
E'er made you drink enough to hurt you,
And then, with impudence amazing,
Bade you set house and all a-blazing;
('Tis hard to say which works the quicker
To make folks noodles—love or liquor;
But oh, it is a fearsome thing,
When both combine to make a king
Descend to play the part of Swing!)
I dare be sworn thou dost not sigh,
Much less put finger in thine eye,
For other worlds:—no, Alexander,
I know thou art not such a gander.
This is thy globe—here '*toujours gai*,'
Thy motto still—though, well-a-day!
Old Sarum's put in Schedule A.

O Summer, Summer, Summer Hill!
Fain would I gaze and linger still;
But ah! the moon her silver lamp
Uprears, the grass is getting damp—
And hark! the curfew's distant knell
Is tolled by Doctor Knox's bell!
I go, to join my wife and daughters,
Drinking those nasty-tasted waters.

Oh, Summer Hill! retreat divine!
Ah me! I cannot but repine
Thou art not,—never will be mine:
I haven't even got the wine!

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *Sept.* 30, 1833.

NOTE

SUMMER HILL, near Tunbridge, the seat formerly of the Lord Muskerry, and now (1833) of James Alexander, Esq. The noble proprietor (Muskerry, not Alexander) entertained Charles the Second and his whole Court here—*teste* John Britton, whose valuable history of Tunbridge Wells consult for an account of *Lord Chancellor* Mansfield, and the inhuman Judge Jeffries, who disgraced himself so *at the trial of Charles the First*, as the worthy antiquary asserts, in direct contradiction to those who maintain that the name of the regicide President was Bradshaw,—and that he was afterwards married to Miss Mary Anne Tree, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.—(T. I.)

The passage alluded to above runs as follows:—'One of the houses on Mount Ephraim, adjoining the Tunbridge-ware manufactory, belonged to Judge Jeffries, a man who has rendered his name infamous in the annals of history by the cruelty and injustice he manifested at the trial of King Charles I.'—*Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells.* J. Britton. 1832. P. 39.

It was during the 'Honey (or, as it is sometimes termed, the "Treacle") Moon,' that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth passed through London. 'A good-natured friend,' who dropped in to dinner, forced them in the evening to the theatre for the purpose of getting rid of him. I give Charles's account of the Tragedy just as it was written, without altering even the last couplet—for there would be no making 'Egerton' rhyme with 'Story.'

[The tragedy of 'Catherine of Cleves,' by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Egerton, and, in 1846, Earl of Ellesmere, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1832.]

THE TRAGEDY[1]

'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.'—VIRGIL.

CATHERINE of Cleves was a Lady of rank,
She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the Bank;
She had jewels and rings,
And a thousand smart things;
Was lovely and young,
With a *rather* sharp tongue,
And she wedded a Noble of high degree
With the star of the Order of *St. Esprit.*
But the Duke de Guise
Was, by many degrees,
Her senior, and not very easy to please;
He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,
And a frown on his brow,—and he looked like a Guy;
So she took to intriguing
With Monsieur St. Megrin,
A young man of fashion, and figure and worth,
But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth.
He would sing, fence and dance
With the best man in France,
And took his rappee with genteel *nonchalance;*
He smiled, and he flattered, and flirted with ease,
And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1832, and included in the first volume of the collected Legends, as originally published.

Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know
If the Lady approved of his passion or no;
So, without more ado,
He put on his *surtout*,
And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,
One Signor Ruggieri,
A Cunning-man near; he
Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
Perform tricks on the cards, and Heav'n knows what besides,
Bring back a strayed cow, silver ladle or spoon,
And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon.
The Sage took his stand
With his wand in his hand,
Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,
Saying solemnly—'*Presto!—Hey, quick!—cock-a-lorum!!*'
When the Duchess immediately popped up before 'em.

Just then a Conjunction of Venus and Mars,
Or something peculiar above in the stars,
Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
Who 'bolted,' and left him alone with his deary.
Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,
When,—fancy the shock,—
A loud double knock,
Made the Lady cry, 'Get up, you fool!—there's De Guise!'
'Twas his Grace, sure enough;
So Monsieur, looking bluff,
Strutted by, with his hat on and fingering his ruff,
While, unseen by either, away flew the Dame
Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came.

But alack! and alas!
A mishap came to pass,
In her hurry she, somehow or other, let fall
A new silk *Bandana* she'd worn as a shawl;

She had used it for drying
Her bright eyes while crying,
And blowing her nose, as her Beau talked of dying!

Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,
And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner,

The instant he spied it smoked something amiss,
And said, with some energy, 'D—— it! what's this?'

He went home in a fume
And bounced into her room,
Crying, 'So, Ma'am, I find I've some cause to be jealous!
Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows!

Now take up that pen,—if it's bad choose a better,—
And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter
To Monsieur—you know who!'
The Lady looked blue;
But replied with much firmness—'Hang me if I do!'
De Guise grasped her wrist
With his great bony fist,
And pinched it, and gave it so painful a twist
That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in:—
She did not mind death but she could not stand pinching;
So she sat down and wrote
This polite little note:

'Dear Mister St. Megrin,—
The Chiefs of the League in
Our house mean to dine
This evening at nine;
I shall, soon after ten,
Slip away from the men,
And you'll find me upstairs in the drawing-room then;
Come up the back way or those impudent thieves
Of Servants will see you.—Yours,
CATHERINE OF CLEVES.'

She directed and sealed it, all pale as a ghost,
And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.

St. Megrin had almost jumped out of his skin
For joy that day when the post came in.
He read the note through,
Then began it anew,
And thought it almost too good news to be true.—
He clapped on his hat,
And a hood over that,
With a cloak to disguise him and make him look fat;

So great his impatience, from half after Four,
He was waiting till Ten at De Guise's back-door.
When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime
He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time.
He had scarce made his bow,
He hardly knew how,
When, alas! and alack!
There was no getting back,
For the drawing-room door was banged to with a whack.—
In vain he applied
To the handle and tried;
Somebody or other had locked it outside!
And the Duchess in agony mourned her mishap,—
'We are caught like a couple of rats in a trap.'

Now the Duchess's Page,
About twelve years of age,
For so little a boy was remarkably sage;
And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
Popped the Gaslighter's ladder close under the casement
But all would not do:—
Though St. Megrin got through
The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew;
And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,
Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing.
He thrust *carte and tierce*
Uncommonly fierce,
But not Beëlzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce;
While his doublet and hose,
Being holiday clothes,
Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his nose.
Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him
From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him,

But, when beat on his knees,
That confounded De Guise
Came behind with the 'fogle' that caused all this breeze,

Whipped it tight round his neck, and, when backward
he'd jerked him,
The rest of the rascals jumped on him and Burked him.
The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but
Was served the same way,
And was found the next day,
With his heels in the air and his head in the water-butt.

Catherine of Cleves
Roared 'Murder!' and 'Thieves!'
From the window above
While they murdered her love;

Till, finding the rogues had accomplished his slaughter,
She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!

MORAL

Take warning, ye Fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards,
But steer clear of Conjurors:—never put query

To 'Wise Mrs. Williams,'[1] or folks like Ruggieri.
When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it;
Above all,—KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET!
Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he,
Be called on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad story!

[1] A notorious fortune-teller, etc.

HERMANN; OR, THE BROKEN SPEAR[1]

AN Emperor, famous in council and camp,
Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp;
Takes to dicing and drinking,
And d—ning and sinking,
And carries off maids, wives and widows, like winking!
Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
There never was seen a more profligate German.
He escapes from the City,
And joins some banditti,
Insensible quite to remorse, fear and pity;
Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,
And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.
Well, hearing one day
His associates say
That a bridal procession was coming their way,
Inflamed with desire, he
Breaks into a priory,
And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
And dresses his rogues in the clergyman's cassocks.
The new married folks
Taken in by this hoax,
Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes:

[1] A drama produced at the English Opera House in the year 1834.

To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her.
Now Heaven knows what
Had become of the lot—
It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—
If a Dumb Lady, one
Of her friends, had not run
To her aid, and, quite scandalized, stopped all his fun!
Just conceive what a caper
He cut, when her taper
Long fingers scrawled this upon whitey-brown paper
(At the instant he seized, and before he had kissed her)—
'Ha' done, Mister Hermann! for shame! it's your sister!'
His hair stands on end,—he desists from his tricks,
And remains in 'a pretty particular fix.'
As he knows Sir John Nicholl[1]
Still keeps rods in pickle,
Offences of this kind severely to tickle,
At so near an escape from his court and its sentence
His eyes fill with tears and his breast with repentance;
So, picking and stealing,
And unrighteous dealing,
Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling.
Of wickedness weary,
With many a tear, he
Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri*;
And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,
He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.
Half-starved, meagre and pale,
His energies fail,
When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale;
But, though tattered his jerkins,
His heart is whole,—workings
Of conscience debar him from 'Barclay and Perkins.'

[1] Judge of the Court of Arches.

'I'll drink,' exclaims he,
'Nothing stronger than tea,
And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
Till I've done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character.'
At signs of remorse so decided and visible,
Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,
And the Dumb Lady, too,—
Who runs off to a Jew,
And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
By the greatest good luck, his old friends, the banditti,
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city!
Now you all know the way
Heroes hack, hew and slay,
When once they get fairly mixed up in a fray:
Hermann joins in the *mêlée*,
Pounds this to a jelly,
Runs that through the back and a third through the belly,
Till many a broken bone, bruised rib and flat head,
Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.
Amid so many blows,
Of course you'll suppose
He must get a black eye, or at least bloody nose:
'Take that!' cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,
His spear in his breast, and in pulling out broke it.
Hermann fainted away;
When, as breathless he lay,
A rascal claimed all the renown of the day;—
A recreant, cowardly, white-livered knight,
Who had skulked in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.
But the Dumb Lady soon
Put some gin in a spoon,
And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon

And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear
Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear.
The murder thus out, Hermann's *fêted* and thankèd,
While his rascally rival gets tossed in a blanket:
And to finish the play—
As reformed rakes, they say,
Make the best of all husbands—the very same day
Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some lady,
Buys a ring and a licence and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL

Take warning, young people of ev'ry degree,
From Hermann's example, and don't live too free;
If you get in bad company, fly from it soon;
If you chance to get thrashed, take some gin in a spoon;
And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy,
If you wish to 'scape 'wigging,' a dumb wife's the dandy!

THE SHERIFF'S BALL[1]

'Raphael, the sociable spirit.'—MILTON.

'HERE'S glorious news!' cried Cousin Jack,
One Sunday, in a morning call
He made about a twelvemonth back—
'The Sheriff's going to give a Ball!'

Up started Jane, and I, and Bess;
One general rapture seized us all;
'Pink satin shoes,'—'kid gloves,'—'lace dress,'—
'That angel, Raphael,[2] gives a Ball!'

The *Sunday Times* has got it in,
The *John Bull*, too, in pica small,
The *Age*, th' *Observer*, all begin
To talk of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

And Pa's a livery-man, you know,
Of Bassishaw by London Wall,
And so, of course, we all shall go
To Mister Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

Next day Ma sent our porter, Bill,
To call a coach, to take us all

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1836.
[2] Mr. Alexander Raphael, a Roman Catholic, was Sheriff of London in 1834-1835.

To Ellis's on Ludgate Hill,
To shop for Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

There she, resolving to look nice,
Bought for herself a Cashmere Shawl,
A Toque and Bird of Paradise,
To wear at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

And Betsey bought the sweetest things,
The last consignment from Bengal,
All green-and-gold and beetles' wings,
To be the pride of Raphael's Ball!

And Jane, a new white satin slip;
And I, because I'm rather tall,
A sky-blue China crape, to trip
Away in at the Sheriff's Ball.

And Cousin Jack, who's so genteel,
Before he went, engaged us all
To dance with him the new quadrille,
And waltz, at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Oh, how we teased *Madame de Lolme*,
And *Ma'amselle Victorine St. Paul!*
'—Pray don't forget to send all home,
In time for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!'

'Twas all prepared—gloves, bouquets, shoes,
And dresses—Jane's a thought too small;—
But ah! no Jack announced the news,
'To-morrow's Sheriff Raphael's Ball!'

At length he comes! in eager haste
His stock and plaited frill we maul:
Never was man so close embraced—
'O Jack! WHEN'S Sheriff Raphael's Ball?'

'Why, really—I—that is—the day
Precisely'—with his Bond Street drawl
Cries Jack—'I can't *exactly* say
What day is fixed for Raphael's Ball;

'But he who fills the civic chair,
I find, has promised him Guildhall,
So ten to one the new Lord Mayor
Will dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

'For though my Lord's a Tory true,
And Raphael's but a Radi-*cal*,
Yet politics have nought to do,
You know, with any Sheriff's Ball.

'And Mister Pearson[1] will be there,
With Galloway from Codger's Hall,
And all the Lumber Troop,'—'Oh dear!
I long for Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

'For there will be Sir John,[2] whose son
At sixteen thought for place too small,
Grew up, in one night, to twenty-one,—
He'll come to Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

And Michael Scales will doff his steel,
And quit his snug Whitechapel stall,
Blue apron, block, and donkey veal,[3]
To dance at Sheriff Raphael's Ball.'

[1] City Solicitor.

[2] Sir John Key,—twice Lord Mayor of London, in 1830 and 1831,—who had recently fallen into some trifling error in the computation of his son's age.

[3] An allusion to a practical joke (not generally appreciated) perpetrated by the worthy Alderman, who killed, dressed, and exposed in his shop a jackass, and pleasantly passed it off as veal.

At morn, at eve, that livelong week,
And e'en when night her sable pall
Had spread around, no tongue could speak
Of aught save Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

Nay, not our waking thoughts alone,
Our midnight dreams could we recall;
Ma, Jane and Betsey, all would own
They were of Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

. . . . . .

Time flies—three months are gone—again
Our Cousin Jack repeats his call—
'What news?' exclaims th' impatient train,
'What news of Sheriff Raphael's Ball?'

Jack shakes his head—'Alack!' cries he,
—His tones our very hearts appal—
'He's striving to become M.P.,
And must perforce put off his Ball!'

. . . . . .

Spring flies away—and summer, then
The autumn leaves begin to fall.—
'O Jack! in pity tell us, when,
Oh *when* is Sheriff Raphael's Ball!'

O'er Jane's white slip a bilious hue
By slow degrees begins to crawl—
A yellowish tint invades my blue—
'Twill fade ere Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

And poor Mamma!—although her part
The philosophic Ma'am de Staël
Could not more firmly play,—her heart
In secret yearns for Raphael's Ball.

On leaden wings November flies,
And more disasters still befall.
In rushes Jack—'Alas!' he cries,
'No hopes of Sheriff Raphael's Ball!

'For oh! there has been such a breeze,
A breeze that, freshening to a squall,
Became a hurricane.—Agrees
A whirlwind with a Sheriff's Ball?

'Jane! Betsey! Sue!—that shocking man—
He with the tail—who loves a brawl!—
That horrid, ranting, roaring Dan
Has upset Sheriff Raphael's Ball.

'The *blunt*—the *stuff*—the *rhino*—ay,
Two thousand pounds! a glorious haul!
A sum which had gone near to pay
The whole expense of Raphael's Ball!!'[1]

'But 'tis done—all now are idle!'
(So sang Byron in his yawl)
And we now perforce must bridle
Each fond wish for Raphael's Ball!

[1] In 1835, the elections for the county of Carlow having been declared void, Mr. Raphael bargained with O'Connell for a seat, at the price of £2000; the latter assuring him that he would never again meet with so safe a speculation. The particulars of the engagement were made public in consequence of a quarrel which took place between O'Connell and the candidate, who was unseated on petition, and whose defence was abandoned—contrary to the agreement, as he averred—by the 'Liberator.' O'Connell retorted in the most bitter terms, describing his late nominee as 'a faithless creature who had never observed any contract, and with whom no person ever had a dealing without being sorry for it.' Utterly unjust as this defence was, it was nevertheless decided, at the close of the long parliamentary inquiry which ensued, 'that no charge of pecuniary interest can be attached to Mr. O'Connell.'

As for the Ball, an entertainment of the sort was at this time promised, or at all events expected; but from some cause or other—possibly that suggested by the poet—it was postponed *sine die*, greatly to the disgust of the 'gay city ladies.'

And yet the Gloves—the Crape—the Toque—
The spangled muslin from Nepaul!
—Oh, it would e'en a saint provoke
Thus diddled out of Raphael's Ball!

Shame on their heads! but Dan on thine
Our heaviest maledictions fall—
Pa's, Ma's, Jane's, Betsey's, Jack's, and mine,
Thou Thalaba of Raphael's Ball!!

THE CONFESSION[1]

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand,
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast,—
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.

[1] First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1835.

SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF A NEW DOMESTIC TRAGEDY[1]

ACT I

THE Duchess of ORMOND, rich, comely and fat,
Is in love with a man in a 'shocking bad hat';
And the Duke, coming home from a ball, about two,
Finds the man in her bed-room, and says, 'Who are you?'
Says he, 'My name's MORTIMER; I'm an old beau
Of her Grace, ere you married her, three years ago!'
Says the Duke, 'We were married in France; so, of course,
I must back to France hasten and get a divorce.'

ACT II

Four years have elapsed, and, released from her vows,
The Duchess is now Mr. MORTIMER'S spouse,
And her happiness has but this single alloy—
Mr. MORTIMER don't like the Duke's little boy;
So catching, one day, the young gentleman tripping,
He seizes him rudely and gives him a whipping:
Mrs. MORTIMER grows very angry, and sends
Master Charles, that same afternoon, home to his friends.

[1] 'The Duchess of Ormond.' Written by Alfred Bunn, and produced at Drury Lane in the year 1836.

ACT III

Six months more are gone, and the Duke is preparing
To take his son with him to France, for an airing;
And poor Mrs. MORTIMER, hearing of this,
Steps across to the garden to give him a kiss;
Mr. MORTIMER follows, and, being so tall,
Has no very great trouble in climbing the wall:
The Duke, spying him out, asks again, 'Who are you?'
Mr. MORTIMER says, 'Here are pistols for two!'
'By all means,' says his Grace, 'it's no bad way of thanking
Your Worship for giving my boy such a spanking!'
So each cocks his pistol, and no more is said,
But the Duke sends a bullet through MORTIMER'S head,
And they let down the curtain the moment he's dead!

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER[1]

ACT I

WALTER TYRRELL, the son of a Norman Papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma:
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus Dragoons;
Has travelled, but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murdered his Father;
And scarce has he picked out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known.
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At Court, with her character grown rather shady:
This gives him the 'blues,' and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt, when they dub him a Knight
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT II

Sir Walter has dressed himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post;

[1] Produced at Drury Lane Theatre.

Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears, and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit ;[1]
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet ;
Where, oddly enough, among some of her things,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground !
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second sky-high ;
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT III

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That as King he's been treated with gross disrespect ;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,—
Viz. to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrell may find and drink up.
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives in his walks this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in running like winking ;
He pauses, of course, and, as she's thirsty too,
Says, very politely, 'Miss, I after you !'
The young lady curtsies, and, being so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
That there's not a drop left him to 'wet t'other eye' ;
While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
She merely says 'Thank'ee, Sir Walter,' and dies.

[1] The distinguished actress, now wife of Sir Theodore Martin.

At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
Who has vowed, not five minutes before, to transfix him:
—So he does,—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
From the strength of his arm and the force of his blows,
The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,
Lead sober lives;
Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives;
When you go out a-sporting, take care of your gun,
And—never shoot elderly people in fun!'

MARIE MIGNOT[1]

MISS MARIE MIGNOT was a nice little Maid,
Her Uncle a Cook and a Laundress her trade;
And she loved, as dearly as any one can,
Mister Lagardie, a nice little man.
But oh! But oh!
Story of woe!
A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,
Ugly and old,
With plenty of gold,
Made his approach
In an elegant coach:
Her fancy was charmed with the splendour and show,
And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old,
And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold;
His nose was stuffed and his throat was sore,
He had physic the quart and Doctors the score.
They sent squills
And pills,
And very long bills,
And all they could do did not make him get well;
He sounded his M's and his N's like an L.

[1] A drama produced at the Haymarket Theatre in the year 1836.

A shocking bad cough
At last took him off,
And Mister Lagardie, her former young beau,
Came a-courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Mister Lagardie, to gain him *éclat*,
Had cut the Cook's shop and followed the law;
And, when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey,
Was an Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.
He gave her a call
On the day of a ball,
To which she'd invited the Court, Camp and all;
But 'poor dear Lagardie'
Again was too tardy,
For a Marshal of France
Had just asked her to dance;
In a twinkling, the *ci-devant* Madame Modeau
Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot.
Mister Legardie was shocked at the news,
And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.
The Marquis Dinot
Felt a little so so—
Took physic, grew worse, and had *notice to go.*
He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay
Smiled again on Lagardie, now placed on full pay,
A Swedish Field-Marshal with a guinea a day;
When an old Ex-King
Just showed her the ring:—
To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing;
But the King turned a Monk,
And Lagardie got drunk,
And said to the Lady, with a deal of ill-breeding,
'You may go to the d—l, and I'll go to Sweden.'
Thus, between the two stools,
Like some other fools,

Her Ladyship found
Herself plump on the ground ;
So she cried, and she stamped, and she sent for a hack,
And she drove to a convent and never came back.

MORAL

Wives, Maidens and Widows, attend to my lay !
If a fine moral lesson you'd draw from a play,
To the Haymarket go
And see *Marie Mignot.*
Miss Kelly plays Marie and Williams Modeau,
Mrs. Glover and Vining
Are really quite shining,
And though Thompson for a Marquis
Has almost too much carcass,
Yet it's not fair to pass him or
John Cooper's Cassimir ;
And the piece would be barren
Without Mr. Farren.
No matter ! go there, and they'll teach you the guilt
Of coquetting and ogling and playing the jilt ;
Such folks gallop awhile, but at last they get spilt.
Had Molly Mignot
Behaved *comme il faut*,
Nor married the Lawyer, nor Marquis Dinot,
She had ne'er been a nun, whose fare very hard is,
But the mother of half-a-score little Lagardies.

UNSOPHISTICATED WISHES

BY MISS JEMIMA INGOLDSBY, AGED 15

(*Communicated by her Cousin Tom.*)

OH! how I should like in a Coach to ride,
Like the Sheriffs I saw upon Lord Mayor's day,
With a Coachman and little Postilion astride
On the back of the leader, a prancing bay.

And then behind it, oh! I should glory
To see the tall serving men standing upright,
Like the two who attend Mister Montefiore,
(Sir Moses, I should say, for now he's a Knight.[1])

And then the liveries,—I know it is rude to
Find fault—but I'll hint, as he can't see me blush,
That I'd not have the things I can only allude to
Either orange in hue or constructed of plush;

But their coats and their waistcoats and hats are delightful,
Their charming silk stockings—I vow and declare
Our John's ginger gaiters, so wrinkled and frightful,
I never again shall be able to bear.

[1] Sir Moses Montefiore obtained his knighthood as Sheriff of London in the year 1837.

Oh! how I should like to have diamonds and rubies,
And large plume of feathers and flowers in my hair.
My gracious! to think how our Tom and those boobies,
Jack Smith and his friend Mister Thompson, would stare.

Then how I should like to drive to Guildhall,
And to see the nobility flocking in shoals,
With their two-guinea tickets to dance at the ball
Which the Lord Mayor gives for relief of the Poles.

And to look at the gas so uncommonly pretty,
And the stars and the armour all just as they were
The day that the Queen came in state to the city,
To dine with the whole Corporation and Mayor.

Oh! how I should like to see Jane and Letitia,
Miss Jones and the two Misses Frump sitting still,
While dear Ensign Brown, of the West Kent Militia,
Solicits my hand for the 'Supper' Quadrille.

With his fine white teeth and his cheek like a rose,
And his black cravat and his diamond pin,
And the nice little moustache under his nose,
And the dear *little* tuft on the top of his chin.

And how I should like some fine morning to ride
In my coach, and my white satin shoes and gown,
To St. James's Church, with a beau by my side;
And I shouldn't much care if his name was Brown.

The following communication will speak for itself:—

'On their own actions modest men are dumb!'

['The Sea Captain' (by Lord Lytton) was the name of the 'New Play.' It was originally produced in 1839, Macready and Helen Faucit taking the principal characters; but, meeting with indifferent success, was soon withdrawn from the stage. It was entirely rewritten, and revived in 1868 under the title of 'The Rightful Heir.']

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY[1]

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT. SEAFORTH, H.P., LATE OF THE HON. E.I.C.'S 2ND REGT. OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES

'The play's the thing!'—*Hamlet.*

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter, and Fanny's,
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn't dead,—though Queen
Anne is;[2]
'Twas a 'plot' and a 'farce':—you hate farces, you say—
Take another 'plot,' then, *viz.* the plot of the Play.

. . . . . .

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possessed of an earldom in fee,
Was imprudent enough, at fifteen years of age,
—A period of life when we're not over sage,—
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage
Her hand to a Hop-o'-my-Thumb of a Page.
This put her Papa—
She had no Mamma—
As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.
Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, 'Stol'n kisses are sweet!'

[1] Included in the first series of the collected Legends, p. 305.
[2] See *Note* at the end of the verses.

But they have their alloy—
Fate assumed, to annoy
Miss Arundel's peace and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When through 'the young Stranger' her secret took wind,
The Old Lord was neither 'to haud nor to bind';
He bounced up and down,
And so fearful a frown
Contracted his brow, you'd have thought he'd been blind.
The young lady, they say,
Having fainted away,
Was confined to her room for the whole of that day;
While her beau—no rare thing in the old feudal system—
Disappeared the next morning, and nobody missed him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn't, it seems,
Formed the slightest idea, not ev'n in his dreams,
That the pair had been wedded according to law,
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas*;
So he bribed at a high rate
A sort of a Pirate
To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman's brains,
And gave him a handsome *douceur* for his pains.
The page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
His attention at once to the Lady's concerns;
And, alarmed for the future,
Looks out for a suitor,
One not fond of raking nor giv'n to 'the pewter,'
But adapted to act both the husband and tutor;
Finds a highly respectable, middle-aged widower,
Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid of her.
Relieved from his cares,
The old Peer now prepares
To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs;

Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,—
Sickens,—takes to his bed,—and sets out on his journey.
Which way he travelled,
Has not been unravelled ;
To speculate much on the point were too curious,
If the climate he reached were serene or sulphureous.
To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
One item—the Page—was an awkward affair ;
But *per contra*, he'd lately endowed a new Chantry
For Priests, with ten marks and the run of the pantry.
Be that as it may,
It's sufficient to say
That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
Built of Bethersden marble—a dark bluish grey.
The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
Some cleanly churchwarden has covered with plaster ;
While some Vandal or Jew,
With a taste for *vertu*,
Has knocked off his toes ; to place, I suppose,
In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose.
From his belt and his sword,
And his *miséricorde*
The enamel's been chipped out, and never restored ;
His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,
And his head's in his helm and his heel's on his hound.
The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
Are joined and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay !
I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play !

. . . . . .

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
Another remarkably 'fine little boy.'
As novel connexions

Oft change the affections,
And turn all one's love into different directions,
Now to young 'Johnny Newcome' she seems to confine hers,
Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse;
Nay, far worse than that,
She considers 'the brat'
As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.
For her legal adviser
She takes an old Miser,
A sort of 'poor cousin.' She might have been wiser;
For this arrant deceiver,
By name Maurice Beevor,
A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
By the law of the land stands the next in entail;
So, as soon as she asked him to hit on some plan
To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
To that self-same unprincipled seafaring man;
In his ear whispered low * * *—'Bully Gaussen' said 'Done!—
I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!'[1]
'Twas agreed; and, with speed
To accomplish the deed,
He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.
By long cock-and-bull stories
Of Candish and Noreys,
Of Drake, and bold Raleigh (then fresh in his glories,
Acquired 'mongst the Indians, and Rapparee Tories),
He so worked on the lad
That he left, which was bad,
The only true friend in the world that he had,—
Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,

[1] It cannot be necessary to remind the reader of the execution of Burke, at Edinburgh, in 1829; but Bishop, his successor in the horrible traffic of dead bodies, who was hanged in 1831 for the murder of the Italian boy, may not be so generally remembered.

Who in childhood had furnished his pap and his broth,
At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp
Took the foolish young imp
On board of his cutter, so trim and so jimp,
Then, seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp,
Twirled him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,
And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean.
This was off Plymouth Sound,
And he must have been drowned,
For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,
If 'A very great war-man,
Called Billy the Norman,'
Had not just at that moment sailed by, outward bound.
A shark of great size,
With his great glassy eyes,
Sheered off as he came, and relinquished the prize;
So he picked up the lad,[1] swabbed and dry-rubbed and mopped him,
And, having no children, resolved to adopt him.

Full many a year
Did he hand reef and steer,
And by no means considered himself as small beer,
When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,
With lots of pistoles in his coffer to rig it.
A sailor ne'er moans;
So, consigning the bones

[1] An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard—
A work some have lauded, and others have pepper'd—
Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps and tosses Thames Darrel
Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel.
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,
And the hero, half-drowned, scrambles out of the bung-hole.

[It ain't no sich thing!—the hero ain't bung'd in no barrel at all.—He's picked up by a Captain, just as Norman was arterwards.—PRINT. DEV.]—T. I.

Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,
For England he steers.
On the voyage it appears
That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers;
And at length reached the Sussex coast, where, in a bay,
Not a great way from Brighton, most coseyly lay
His vessel at anchor, the very same day
That the Poet begins,—thus commencing his play:—

ACT I

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,
And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
By saying the boy, whom he took out to please him,
Is come back a Captain on purpose to tease him.
Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,
Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,—
And hints he may find some more work for him yet;
Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.
That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
Is returned a grown man, and, to come to the point,
Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint;
But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Exe.
'Oh! take it,' she cries; 'but secure every document.'—
'A bargain,' says Maurice,—'including the stock you meant?'

The Captain, meanwhile,
With a lover-like smile,
And a fine cambric handkerchief, wipes off the tears
From Miss Violet's eyelash and hushes her fears—
(That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)
Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—
The young Lady herself is but down on a visit.

She's perplexed ; and, in fact,
Does not know how to act.
It's her very first visit :—and then to begin
By asking a stranger, a gentleman, in—
One with moustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—
She 'really don't know :
He had much better go,'—
Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says 'No !—
Fair sir, you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine—
You will take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine.'
He bows, looks at Miss,—and he does not decline.

ACT II

After dinner the Captain recounts, with much glee,
All he's heard, seen, and done since he first went to sea,
All his perils and scrapes,
And his hair-breadth escapes :
Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions and apes,
And fierce 'Bengal Tigers,' like that which, you know,
If you've ever seen any respectable 'Show,'
'Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro.'
Then, diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery
Which hangs, like a cloud, o'er his own private history—
How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat,
(Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole—*See Note*),
—How he happened to meet
With the Algerine fleet,
And forced them by sheer dint of arms to retreat,
Thus saving his Violet—(one of his feet
Here just touched her toe and she moved on her seat),—
How his vessel was battered :
In short, he so chattered,
Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flattered,
That the ladies much marvelled a person should be able
To 'make himself,' both said, 'so very agreeable.'

Captain Norman's adventures were scarcely half done,
When Percy Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,
In a terrible fume,
Bounces into the room,
And talks to his guest as you'd talk to your groom ;
Claps his hand on his rapier and swears he'll be through him.
The Captain does nothing at all but 'pooh! pooh!' him.
Unable to smother
His hate of his brother,
He rails at his cousin and blows up his mother.—
'Fie! fie!' says the first.—Says the latter, 'In sooth,
This is sharper by far than a keen serpent's tooth!'
(A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,
When he asked for his Knights and his Daughter said 'Here's a go!')—
This made Ashdale ashamed ;
But he must not be blamed
Too much for his warmth, for, like many young fellows, he
Was apt to lose temper when tortured by jealousy.
Still speaking quite gruff
He goes off in a huff.
Lady A., who is now what some call 'up to snuff,'
Straight determines to patch
Up a clandestine match
Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch
And Miss,—whom she does not think any great catch
For Ashdale ;—besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married and off to the Indies.

ACT III

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone ;
She agrees to meet Norman 'by moonlight alone,'

And slip off to his bark,
'The night being dark,'
Though 'the moon,' the Sea-Captain says, rises in heaven
'One hour before midnight,' *i.e.* at eleven.
From which speech I infer,
—Though perhaps I may err—
That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf, he
When 'capering on shore' was by no means a Murphy.[1]

He starts off, however, at sunset, to reach
An old chapel in ruins that stands on the beach,
Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a
Paper to prove his name, 'birthright,' *et cetera.*
Being rather too late,
Gaussen, lying in wait,
Gives poor Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested
From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
The marriage certificate duly attested.
Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
And begs he won't die till he's told him his story;
The Father complies,
Re-opens his eyes,
And tells him all how and about it—and dies!

ACT IV

Norman, now called Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,
Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
The fact any longer—he knows she's his Mother!

[1] The lucky almanac-maker and his celebrated prediction of the coldest day in the year (1838) have almost passed out of memory.

His Pa's wedded Spouse.
She questions his *vous*,
And threatens to have him turned out of the house.
He still perseveres,
Till, in spite of her fears,
She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
And he gives her the papers 'all blistered with tears,'
When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,
Takes his hat and his cloak,
Just as if in a joke,
Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
Is time for the rendezvous fixed with Miss Violet.—
Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

ACT V

Now comes the catastrophe!—Ashdale, who's wrapt in
The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel
Where Gaussen's concealed - - who springs forward to grapple
The man he's erroneously led to suppose
Captain Norman himself, by the cut of his clothes.
In the midst of their strife,
And just as the knife
Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
Of the Lady, and, knocking Giles head over heels,
Fractures his 'nob,'
Saves the hangman a job,

And executes justice most strictly,—the rather,
'Twas the spot where that rascal had murdered his father.
Then in comes the mother,
Who, finding one brother
Had the instant before saved the life of the other,
Explains the whole case.
Ashdale puts a good face
On the matter; and, since he's obliged to give place,
Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace.
Norman vows he won't have it—the kinsmen embrace,—
And the Captain, the first in this generous race
To remove every handle
For gossip and scandal,
Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle.
An arrangement takes place—on the very same night, all
Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
Are, N. takes the personals;—A., in requital,
Keeps the whole real property, Mansion and Title.
V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
Sea-voyage, as a Bride, in the 'Royal Eliza.'
Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,—
And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down-stairs!

MORAL

The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
If deprived of all epilogue, prologue and moral;
This may serve for all three then:—

'Young Ladies of property,
Let Lady A.'s history serve as a stopper t' ye;
Don't wed with low people beneath your degree,
And if you've a baby don't send it to sea!

'Young Noblemen! shun everything like a brawl;
And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
Don't take the best hat that you find in the hall,
And leave one in its stead that's worth nothing at all!

'Old Knights, don't give bribes!—above all, never urge a man
To steal people's things, or to stick an old Clergyman!

'And you, ye Sea-Captains! who've nothing to do
But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all's blue,
And tell us tough yarns and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your seafaring life,
That you can't get on well long without you've a wife;
So get one at once—treat her kindly and gently—
Write a nautical novel and send it to Bentley!'

NOTE

'*Lord Brougham, it appears, isn't dead,—though Queen Anne is.*' P. 237.

On Monday the 21st of October 1839, London was thrown into a state of great excitement and consternation by a report of the death of Lord Brougham. Mr. Alfred Montgomery certainly received a letter, which was read at one of the clubs, purporting to come from his friend, Mr. Shafto, who was then on a visit at Brougham Hall, and who professed to have been an eye-witness of the melancholy catastrophe. All the morning papers of Tuesday, except the *Times*, contained leading articles on the sudden death of Lord Brougham, with biographical sketches of him and comments upon his career. Of course in a day or two the hoax collapsed; then, on the Thursday, there appeared in the *Times* a vituperative article, written by Mr. Barnes, on the character of his former friend. This was followed by one yet more stinging in the *Examiner*, from the pen of Mr. Fonblanque, who directly charged Brougham himself with being the

author of the report, and having committed the crime of *suicide* in hope of enjoying during life the pleasure of perusing posthumous praise. Thus was the article headed—

THE BROUGHAM HOAX

'"And is old Double dead?"—*Master Shallow.*
"She went to the undertaker
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The dog was laughing."—*Mother Hubbard.*'

Although Mr. Shafto denied having written the letter, no explanation of it was ever given, and it became gradually assumed that, as it contained a true statement of particulars of an accident which could only have been known to those who witnessed it, the joke must have been perpetrated by some guest at Brougham Hall, not without the privity of the noble Lord himself. (See Lord Campbell's *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham*, p. 505.)

Among a bundle of letters I find one from Sucklethumbkin, dated from London, and containing his version of perhaps the greatest theatrical Civil War since the celebrated 'O. P. row.' As the circumstances are now become matter of history, and poor Doldrum himself has been, alas! for some time the denizen of a far different 'House,' I have ventured to preserve it. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to add, that my Honourable friend has of late taken to Poetry and goes without his cravat.

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX)[1]

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET

'Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.'—HORACE.

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says, as he slaps his hand on his knee,
'I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!'

—'But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;
Such a singer as he
You'll nowhere see;
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!'

—'Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!
The "glove won't fit!"
The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!'

The Prompter bowed and he went to his stall,
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol;

[1] Originally included in vol. ii. of the series of collected Legends, p. 211. See explanatory *Note* at the end of the verses.

But, scarce had he done,
When a 'row' was begun ;
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.
'Fiddle-de-dee!—
Where is he?
He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see!
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
Bid the Manager come!
It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum
For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!—
Deuce a bit!
We'll never submit!
Vive Fiddle-de-dee! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!'

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air ;
But he smoothed his brow,
As he well knew how,
And he walked on and made a most elegant bow,
And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,
In his opera-hat and his opera-tights ;
'Ladies and Gentlemen,' then said he,
'Pray what may you please to want with me?'

'Fiddle-de-dee!—
Fiddle-de-dee!'
Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And Shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree,
Halloo'd, and hooted, and roared with glee,
'Fiddle-de-dee!—
None but He!—
Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be!

Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O.P.!'[1]

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
Looks distrest,
And he bows his best,
And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,
And he says,—says he,
'We *can't* agree;
His terms are a vast deal too high for me.—
There's the rent, and the rates, and the sesses, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.
If you'll only permit
Fal-de-ral-tit——'

The 'Generous Public' cried, 'Deuce a bit!
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
We'll none of us come.
It's "No go!"—it's "Gammon!"—it's "all a Hum":—
You're a miserly Jew!—
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"
He *don't* ask too much, as you know—so you do—
It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad—
You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!'

Dol-drum the Manager never before
In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar.
Dol-drum the Manager turned to flee;
But he says—says he,
'*Mort de ma vie!*
I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee!'
Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jumped from the Omnibus on to the Stage,

[1] See *Note*, vol. ii. p. 156.

Lords, Squires and Knights, they came down to the lights,
In their opera-hats and their opera-tights.
Ma'm'selle Cherrytoes
Shook to her very toes,
She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.
And the 'evening concluded' with 'Three times three!'
'Hip!—hip!—hurrah! for Fiddle-de-dee!'

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,
Saddest of men,
Sat down, and then
Took from his table a Perryan pen,
And he wrote to the 'News,'
How M'Fuze and Tregooze,
Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews
Of the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse,
And make Dol-drum agree
With Fiddle-de-dee,
Who was not a bit better singer than he.
Dol-drum declared 'he never could see,
For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,
Who, in B flat, or C,
Or whatever the key,
Could never at any time get below G,
Should expect a fee the same in degree
As the great Burlybumbo who sings double D.'
Then slyly he added a little N.B.
'If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me!'

The Manager rings,
And the Prompter springs
To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings

A set of those odd-looking envelope things,[1]
Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified) flings
To her right and her left funny people with wings
Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings ;
And a taper and wax,
And small Queen's heads, in packs,
Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.
Dol-drum the Manager sealed with care
The letter and copies he'd written so fair,
And sat himself down with a satisfied air ;
Without delay
He sent them away,
In time to appear in 'our columns' next day !

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
Walked on to the stage with an anxious air,
And peeped through the curtain to see who were there.
There was M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos ;
And the green baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And they all began to hoot, bellow and bawl,
And cry 'Cock-a-doodle,' and scream and squall,
'Dol-drum !—Dol-drum !—
Bid the Manager come ! '
You'd have thought from the tones
Of their hisses and groans
They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.
And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,
'Pray what may you please to want with me ? '—
'Fiddle-de-dee !—
Fiddle-de-dee !—

[1] The original penny envelope designed by Mulready.

We'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but He!
For he's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see.'

Manager Dol-drum says—says he—
(And he looks like an Owl in 'a hollow beech tree,')
'Well, since I see
The thing must be,
I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee!'
Then M'Fuze and Tregooze,
And Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
Desist from their shrill 'Cock-a-doodle-doos.'
'*Vive* Fiddle-de-dee!
Dol-drum, and he,
They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!
And so's Burlybumbo, who sings double D!
And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and see!'

So, after all
This terrible squall,
Fiddle-de-dee!
's at the top of the tree,
And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small!
Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear
At I can't tell you how many thousands a year,
And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered 'Small Beer';
And Ma'm'selle Cherrytoes
Sports her merry toes,
Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,
In what the folks call a 'Lithuanian' in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three;
And bless the Queen,—and long live she!

And grant that there never again may be
Such a halliballoo as we've happened to see
About nothing on earth but 'Fiddle-de-dee!'

NOTE

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).—The 'Tamburini Row,' as it was called, took place at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1841, and was caused by an attempt on the part of M. Laporte, the manager, to substitute Signor Coletti for the more popular singer. The opposition was organized, at the instance, it is said, of Grisi and the other performers known as *La Vieille Garde*, by a band of fashionables who, on the second appearance of Coletti, filled the famous *Omnibus* boxes. Here the uproar commenced. Shouts of 'Tamburini!' 'Laporte!' arose, and were taken up in various parts of the house. The manager appeared and reappeared, but without satisfying his opponents. The row increased; the *ballet* was stopped, and Cerito not permitted to make her *début*; at last, in the height of the clamour, the whole party of the aristocratic occupants of the *Omnibus* boxes, a young prince of the blood among them, leaped upon the stage. The manager was compelled to give way, and the curtain fell on the triumphant victory of—my Lord Tomnoddy and his following.

THE FORLORN ONE

AH! why those piteous sounds of woe,
Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast,
Those frowns austere too truly tell,
Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
Hath never, never deigned to dwell,

'That rude, uncivil touch forego,'
Stern despot of a fleeting hour;
Nor 'make the angels weep' to know
The fond 'fantastic tricks' of power!

Know'st thou not 'mercy is not strained
But droppeth as the gentle dew,'
And, while it blesseth him who gained,
It blesseth him who gave it, too?

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
Pale victim of despair and pain,
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold, callous man!—he scorns to yield,
Or aught relax his felon gripe,
But answers,—'I'm Inspector Field!
And this here warment's prigged your wipe.'

NEW-MADE HONOUR

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL

A FRIEND I met some half-hour since—
'*Good-morrow, Jack!*' quoth I;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince
Frowned, nodded, and passed by;
When up came Jem—'*Sir John, your Slave!*'
'Ah, James! we dine at eight—
Fail not'—(low bows the supple knave)
'Don't make my lady wait.'
The King can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

SONG

I

THERE sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than Cushat Dove ;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.
Oh ! stoop thee from thine eyrie down
And nestle thee near my heart ;
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh
When thou and I must part,
My Love !
When thou and I must part.

II

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
The pride of the sylvan scene ;
In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
And I am his only Queen.
Oh ! bound from thy secret lair,
For the sun is below the west ;
No mortal eye
May our meeting spy,
For all are closed in rest,
My Love !
Each eye is closed in rest.

III

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn
When the sun's first beams appear;
Oh! sweet is the Shepherd's strain
When it dies on the listening ear;
And sweet the soft voice which speaks
The Wanderer's welcome home;
But sweeter far
By yon pale mild star
With our true Love thus to roam,
My Dear!
With our own true love to roam!

EPIGRAM

'He has exposed himself constantly at the head of his men, and in cases where decision and promptitude were necessary.'—*Corresp. of the Courier.*

BRAVE LEOPOLD, so says a knight of the pen,
'Has exposed himself much at the head of his men.'
As his men ran away without waiting to fight,
To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.
Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
To have stayed and exposed himself more at their tail?
Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
To suffer the chief to engross all the laurels?
No! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
Have exposed themselves fully as much as their King.[1]

[1] In 1831, soon after the election of Leopold to the throne of Belgium, war broke out with the Dutch. The King, who in person commanded a division of his army, had his position turned at Louvain, and the Belgians were compelled to retire.

EPIGRAM

EHEU FUGACES

WHAT Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
Taglionis and Ellslers, Duvernays and Ceritos,
Sighing, I murmur, '*O mihi præteritos!*'

SONG

'TIS sweet to think the pure ethereal being
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness;
I hear her voice, in still small accents, tell
Of realms of bliss and never-fading brightness,
Where those who loved on earth together dwell.

Ah! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer,
To her rapt gaze in visions bland displaying
Th' unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thraldom of encumbering clay;
Then, as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

[Among the poetical fragments left by Thomas Ingoldsby is one which, had he lived to finish it, might have proved not the least successful of his efforts. The tone was to have been graver and the subject more pathetic than that of most of his stories. It is hardly presentable in its unfinished state, but it is thought that in a complete edition of the 'Legends' it ought to be included. It was to have been called 'The Radiant Boy.']

THE RADIANT BOY

'THAT pretty little boy, Mamma,
That stands behind the tree!
Do let him come in-doors, Mamma,
And bid him play with me.

'Papa is busy now, Mamma,
And sister is away,
Oh! bid that little boy come in,
That we may go and play.'

'What little boy? thou silly child,
No little boy I see':—
'Oh! there he stands upon the lawn,
And weeps beneath the tree.

'He will not come and play, Mamma,
I show him every toy!
I bid him come, but still he weeps;
Is he a naughty boy?'

'Why, what is this, Tom Ingoldsby?
My child, what may it mean?
I look upon the lawn, but there
No little boy is seen;

'The linden tree is straight and tall,
Its leaves are fresh and fair,
But there's no little boy at all—
No pretty boy is there.'

'Now nay, now nay, my mother dear,
He stands beside the tree;
He weeps, he sheds full many a tear,
Yet still he looks on me.

'Full many a time and oft, Mamma,
I've asked him day by day;
But there he always stands and weeps—
He will not come and play.

'What makes him look so pale, Mamma?
Why is he weeping so?
There—now at once he's gone away!
I did not see him go.

'He went not down the gravel walk,
He did not cross the lawn,
And yet he's gone away at once;—
Mamma, where is he gone?'

'You little monkey, are you mad?'
The mother, smiling, said;
But her voice had something lost its tone,
And her cheek a little red.

She looked adown the gravel walk,
And across the grass-green sod;
Of course she'd no belief in Ghosts,
But she thought it rather odd.

'Go in,' quoth she, 'thou silly child—
Go in, and mind your toys,
And do not talk such stuff to me
Of pretty little boys.'

. . . . . .

'Papa! Papa! he's there again—
He's come again to-day!
See, there he stands!—do make him stop,
And bid him come and play.

'Mamma was angry yesterday,
She said it was not true,
But see! he's there again, Papa,
Now you can see him too!

'I love this fine old house, Papa,
I like its large old hall;
It is so very nice a place
For us to play at ball.

'Yes! we've been here now half a year,
And yet, though day by day
I've asked him, he will not come in,
All I can do or say.'

. . . . . .

NOTE

THE tradition upon which the RADIANT BOY is founded, is connected with one of those seemingly doomed families—there are said to be more than one—in which the eldest son never lives to inherit the estate. In the present case the origin of the curse is attributed to the misdeed of a certain wicked uncle, who, out of greed of gold, made away with the orphan heir committed to his charge. The boy was taken to a pond in his own garden and therein drowned. The murderer succeeded to house and lands, and, unlike his Norfolk prototype, for a while prospered exceedingly. He married, and was blest with a son, of whom he became extravagantly fond and proud. But the avenger was at his heels. One day the child complained to him that when playing in the garden he was constantly interrupted by a strange little boy, who would neither leave him nor join in his game. He described the intruder as being very beautiful, but pale and sad, and, what was most remarkable, as being surrounded by a soft light which floated about him as he moved! He never spoke, but seemed by gestures to invite the narrator to follow him. This the little fellow was not disposed to do. The father, greatly disturbed at the tale, took an angry tone, and forbade his son either to play again in the garden or to make further mention of his strange companion. He was obeyed; but the child, in consequence of confinement to the house, grew wan and ill; so that one bright day an attendant, moved by his piteous looks, took him out to the forbidden spot, and, meaning to be absent only a few minutes, left him. She was detained, and on her return the child was gone. Search was made, and he was discovered at length lying dead in the fatal pond, whither, without the shadow of a doubt, he had been lured by the ghost of his murdered cousin. And from that time to this the 'Radiant Boy,' as he became to be spoken of in the family, has continued to appear at intervals; but he is never seen save by a child—the eldest son of the house. In all cases the result is the same—death! sometimes by lingering disease, sometimes by sudden blow, but always death! None that has seen him has ever lived to call that fair domain his own.

Had the poem been completed, it would doubtless have presented some considerable modification of the original tradition. The author could never have intended to make the Ingoldsbys subject to the

hereditary curse in question; moreover, one youthful heir of the family had already fallen a victim to the vengeful spirit of Uncle Roger, and 'two morning guns' are hardly admissible. But what the end was to have been I do not know.

According to another version, the Radiant Boy occasionally condescends to make himself visible to various members of the family; and at times, though rarely, to appear to strangers. In these cases, the visit is thought to be a token of good fortune. The celebrated Lord Castlereagh is said to have been one who was thus favoured by the apparition. About sixty years ago he was on a visit to a gentleman in the North of Ireland, and having retired to bed he perceived a faint light gleaming on the lofty canopy over his head. Supposing that some intruder must have accidentally entered his room, he turned to the side whence the light proceeded, and saw, to his great astonishment, the figure of a very fair boy, who seemed clothed in rays of mild and tempered glory, like the faint light of the moon, rendering the objects near him dimly visible. The figure was stationary at some short distance from the bedside; but on his lordship springing out of bed it retreated before him, till, entering the vast arch of the chimney, it appeared to sink into the earth. At breakfast he took no notice of what had occurred, suspecting the whole thing to be a trick, and hoping that some latent smile or conscious look would discover those who were privy to the plot. But, no clue being afforded him, at length he mentioned the occurrences of the night. Those who, like himself, were strangers in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised. The family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last the master of the house interrupted their surmises by saying:—'The circumstance you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and are not conversant with the legends connected with my family: to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve to corroborate an old tradition relating to the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the "Radiant Boy!" To you it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should be dropped.' This latter account is given at greater length in *The Album*, July 1822, professedly on the authority of a gentleman who heard it from Lord Castlereagh himself.

But I cry of e.

And sadly sang the Bird as it perch'd upon a bier

That joyous smile was gone
And the face was white and wan.
As the down upon the Swan
Doth appear
flow
As I lay a thinking of her ~~was~~ the tear

7

As I lay a thinking the golden sun was sinking
it glittered in her breast.
O mercie sang the Bird as ~~the flew from off~~

With a thousand gorgeous dyes
While
As soaring to the skies
stars
Mid ~~st~~ the ~~Heavens~~ she seem'd to rise
As to ~~rest~~ her nest

As I lay a thinking her meaning was exprest

Tell her follow away!

Come away Come away
The boats not to delay
'Twas so she seem'd to say, Here is rest

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY

I

AS I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

II

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free;
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pityful to see!

III

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;

A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed manie a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her hearte was gladsome now.

IV

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a Youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sadde despaire,
'That I was borne!'
As I laye a-thynkynge, she perished forlorne.

V

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely childe
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

VI

But I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkynge,—oh! bitter flowed the tear!

VII

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking;
O merrie sang the Birde as it glittered on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While, soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,'—
'Twas so she seemed to saye,—
'HERE IS REST!'

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

ON

'THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS'

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham contributed to the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837 a set of verses on 'The "Monstre" Balloon,' and to the second number a prose story entitled 'The Spectre of Tappington,' the first of the afterwards celebrated series of Legends by 'Thomas Ingoldsby.' The intention of the continuance of these productions was indicated by the modest heading then prefixed—'Fireside Stories, No. 1.' The March number of the *Miscellany* contains the second instalment of the Legends under the changed heading of 'Family Stories, No. 2,' in verse. Though brief, it is one of the most spirited of the Legends, that of 'Hamilton Tighe.' This was followed in the succeeding month (April) by the prose story of 'Grey Dolphin.' 'The Squire's Story,'[1] afterwards to acquire a world-wide fame under the secondary title of 'The Jackdaw of Rheims,' brings up the rear of the May number; and the June issue contains No. 5, 'The Execution.' In the May number of 1838 the title changes to 'The Golden Legend, No. 1'—'A Lay of Saint Nicholas.' If we except the first in the series—'The Spectre of Tappington,'—which had an illustration by the author's son, the 'Lay of Saint Nicholas' was the first Legend to be illustrated, and contained a plate by George Cruikshank. During the latter portion of 1838 only one story appeared—'The Witches' Frolic,' also illustrated by George Cruikshank. In August 1840 the first of the 'County Legends' appears—'Bloudie Jacke of

[1] This title is dropped in the first and following editions of the collected Legends, and the story is ascribed to 'Father John Ingoldsby.'

Shrewsberrie,'—continued in 1841 with 'Nell Cook' and 'The Old Woman clothed in Grey.'

The name of INGOLDSBY LEGENDS did not appear as the recognized title in print until the publication of the first series in volume form on January 30, 1840.

The actual first edition of the LEGENDS consisted of twelve copies only, each copy being numbered and presented.

The first edition of the Second Series was published December 30, 1842, and the first edition of the Third Series was published December 26, 1846, after the author's death. These editions went through several reprints, and each Series was issued at the price of 10s. 6d. They were printed by Samuel Bentley, and were in large post form, with plates by Leech and Cruikshank. [A copy of the original editions was sold for £39 in March 1888.]

The first correct edition of the INGOLDSBY LEGENDS would consist of the first issue of each of the series on their respective dates of publication, but the first simultaneous issue of the entire work was the TENTH, printed by Bradbury and Evans, in three volumes, post 8vo, 31s. 6d., issued in February 1856, and containing nineteen steel plates, and three illustrated titles by Cruikshank.

Of succeeding editions the following are those in which any important changes were made :—

The TWELFTH, in one volume, crown 8vo, 5s. ; published November 28, 1857. It went through six editions before the publication of—

The EIGHTEENTH, a library edition in two volumes, post 8vo, 21s. ; published February 22, 1860.

The TWENTY-SIXTH, in one volume, large crown, 7s. 6d., printed on toned paper ; published March 23, 1863.

The TWENTY-SEVENTH, in one volume, 4to, 21s., with sixty engravings on wood ; published November 17, 1863.

The THIRTY-SECOND, similar to the one just mentioned, but with sixty-six engravings ; published December 1, 1864 (dated 1865).

The THIRTY-SEVENTH, a new cheap edition, in one volume, crown 8vo, 5s. ; published November 29, 1865, sixty pages less than previous 5s. editions.

The THIRTY-EIGHTH, in large double post, with carmine border round each page, and six plates on steel, 10s. 6d. ; published November 29, 1865.

The FORTIETH, in one volume, 4to, 21s., with seventy-two engravings on wood ; published December 4, 1866.

The FORTY-FOURTH, in one volume, large crown 8vo, with carmine border round each page, and containing seventeen plates on steel, and illustrated title ; published November 1, 1868.

The FORTY-FIFTH, in one volume, crown 8vo, with three plates on steel, gilt edges, 6s.; published November 11, 1868.

The FORTY-SIXTH—the 'Nonpareil Edition'—in one volume, small 4to, double columns, 2s. 6d.; published November 18, 1868.

The FORTY-SEVENTH—the 'Victoria Edition'—in small type, in one volume, foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.; published February 11, 1869.

The FIFTIETH—the 'Annotated Edition,' edited by Mr. Barham's son—in two volumes, demy 8vo, 24s.; published December 6, 1869 (dated 1870).[1]

The SIXTY-SECOND—the 'Burlington Edition'—in three volumes, small post 8vo, with no illustrations; published November 5, 1875. This edition, with the addition of thirty-two illustrations on wood, has since had a considerable sale in the United States of America.

The SIXTY-SIXTH—a new 'Carmine Edition'—in one volume, medium 8vo, with seventeen plates on steel; published August 16, 1877.

The SIXTY-SEVENTH—a new 'Illustrated Edition'—in one volume, 4to, 21s., with alteration in the headlines; published October 23, 1877.

The SIXTY-EIGHTH—a 'Popular Edition'—in one volume, crown 8vo; issued in two forms—at 6s., in cloth binding, with gilt edges, and in plainer cloth, ordinary edges, 5s.; published January 10, 1878.

The SIXTY-NINTH—a cheaper reprint of the 'Victoria Edition'; published at 2s.; price changed November 4, 1879.

The SEVENTIETH—the 'Edinburgh Edition' (so called from the city in which it was printed)—in one volume, crown 8vo, with thirty-two illustrations on wood, 6s.; published November 12, 1879.

The SEVENTY-FIRST—the latest 'Carmine Edition'—in larger type, and with border line round each page, and steel plates as before, but with the addition of some woodcuts, in one volume, small demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.; published in 1879.

The SEVENTY-SECOND—the 'Popular Edition'—in one volume, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.; published November 4, 1879.

The SEVENTY-THIRD—the 'Edinburgh Edition'—6s., as in 1879, but with additional illustrations on wood, making the number upwards of fifty; published in December 1881.

The SEVENTY-FIFTH—the 'People's Edition'—in double-column, with forty illustrations on wood, 64 pages 4to, in grey wrapper, 6d.; published December 12, 1881.

60,513 copies of this edition were sold on the day of publication. The first printing consisted of 100,000 copies, and was followed immediately by another large issue.

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[1] The 'Annotated Edition,' in 1869, was the first to contain, as a frontispiece to the first volume, the comprehensive plate by Cruikshank in which characters from nearly all the Legends are embodied, and which also includes portraits of the author and the publisher of the work.

The SEVENTY-SEVENTH, a re-issue of the 'Carmine Edition,' with three extra steel plates; published in March 1882.

The SEVENTY-EIGHTH—the 'Popular Edition,' 3s. 6d.; with the addition of sixteen illustrations on wood; published April 6, 1882.

The SEVENTY-NINTH—the 'Alexandra Edition'—in demy 8vo, with paper wrapper, with upwards of fifty illustrations on wood, 1s.; published December 12, 1885.

The EIGHTIETH—the 'Japanese Edition,' with a frontispiece on steel. Similar in other respects to the preceding edition, but printed on a thicker paper, and bound in Japanese imitation morocco, with padded boards, gilt edges, *etc.*, 3s. 6d.; published December 17, 1885.

The EIGHTY-FIRST—the 'Popular Edition'—the same as that of 1882 as regards print and illustrations, but published at 2s. 6d.; November 2, 1886.

The EIGHTY-SECOND—the 'Victoria Edition'—similar to the edition of 1879, but issued in cloth at 1s. 6d.; November 2, 1886.

The EIGHTY-THIRD—the 'Victoria Edition'—similar to the above, but issued in a paper wrapper at 1s.; December 13, 1886.

The EIGHTY-FOURTH—the 'Alexandra Edition'—as in 1885, but with gilt edges, and in white parchment or green cloth binding and with frontispiece, 2s.; issued October 21, 1887.

The present three-volume issue is the eighty-eighth edition.

Besides complete editions of the work, some of the Legends have been published separately from time to time, such as the 'Jackdaw of Rheims,' with coloured plates, in 1869, and 'The Witches' Frolic' (1876), and 'The Smuggler's Leap' (1877), illustrated by Mrs. Jane Cook. These last works are absolutely unique, the artistic portion being a combination of photography with sculpture (in thick white cardboard). The scenes are full of animation, and the lines, though carved with a penknife, full of grace and meaning.

We can only refer generally to American piracies or suppressed editions in this country, or to Legends which appeared by permission during the existence of the entire copyright. Since the greater portion of the copyright has expired, sundry editions have been launched from various quarters (in some of which the engravings of Leech and Cruikshank have been attempted to be imitated by photographic assistance), and these we do not purpose to describe.

The INGOLDSBY LYRICS were collected and published in one volume, crown 8vo (3s. 6d.), in 1881, edited by Mr. Dalton Barham.

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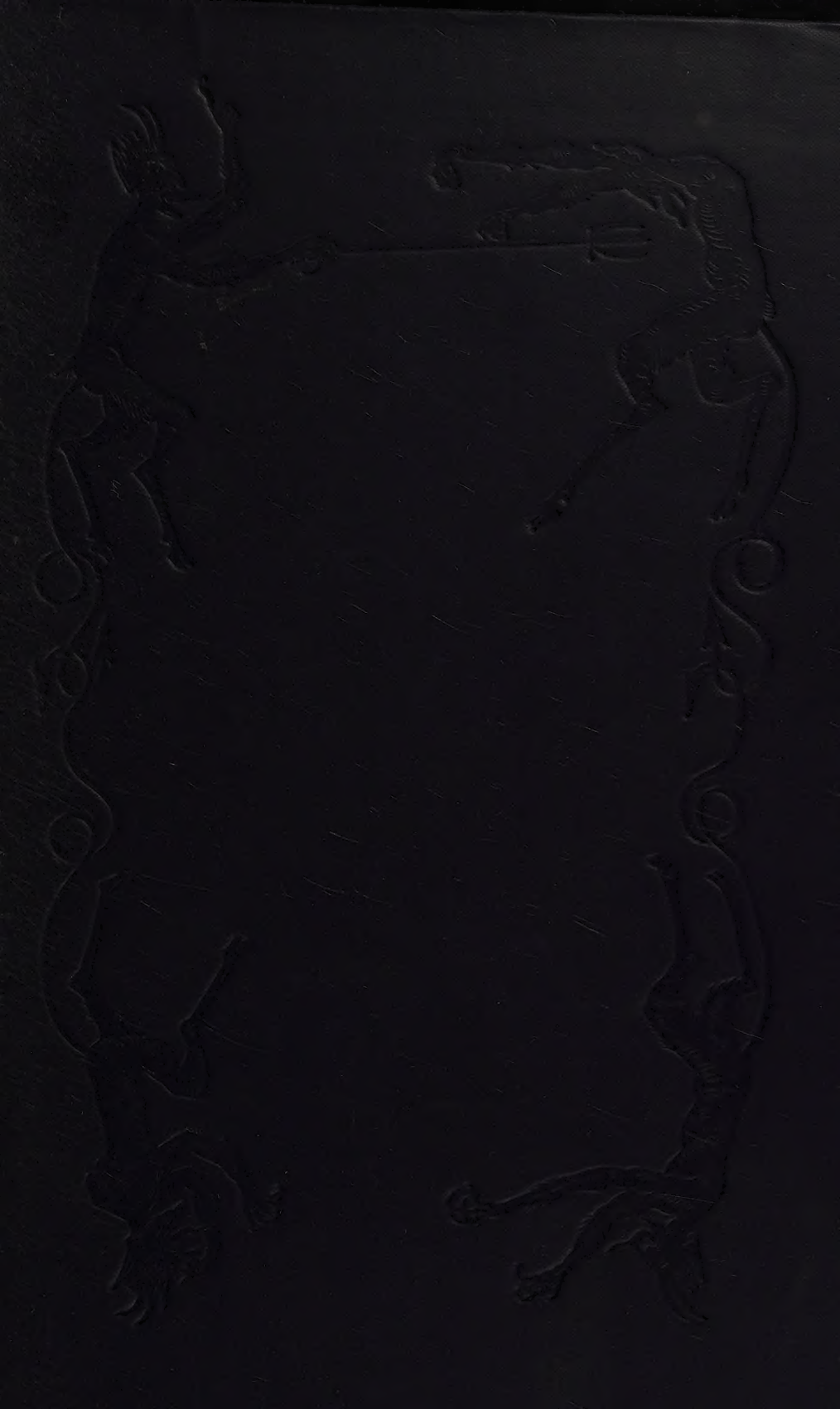
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